

Watch for Particulars of Holiness Campaign in the Fall.

THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

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"STILL ON THE HILL-TOP."

(See page 2.)

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

(Amos iv. 12.)

Prepare to meet thy God, O soul unsaved by grace,
The days are passing by, and death comes on apace.
Prepare, O soul, begin to pray!
Prepare, prepare, while yet you may.

Prepare to meet thy God, though long and bright the way
Which now appears to thee in future's golden day.
Though health and youth may now be thine,
Yet death may soon thy form entwine.

Prepare to meet thy God! Thy friends are called away,
Who once abode with thee—the gayest of the gay.
Their forms now lie beneath the sod;
Oh, then, prepare to meet thy God!

P. N. Esnouf.

A SWEDISH PRODIGAL.

"At No. II. corps in Stockholm a few weeks ago a young man who had led a very wicked life was converted. He was the son of a sea-captain, and for five years had not done any work, living only for drink.

His repeated promises of amendment coming to nothing, his father at last cut him off altogether, and after a violent quarrel the young man cursed his parent and went off to his sinful life.

After a time his hasty words so troubled his conscience that he decided to return to his father and express sorrow for what he had said in anger. Going down to the quay, he sought out his father's ship, and to his horror discovered that his father had died a few days previously!

This softened the prodigal's heart, and a few days later, attending an Army meeting, he was soundly converted. He is thoroughly changed, and is reconciled to his mother, whose support and comfort he has now become.

No Water to Spare.

By Adj. Bondfield, of the N. & M. L.

On my way to Sheerness from Chatham, I noticed a board bearing the notice "NO WATER TO SPARE." The board was near a pond in an orchard skirting the road. The owner no doubt was justified in his declaration, as the pond was stagnant, being solely fed by surface water, yet to the weary passer-by how selfish the notice seemed! How like many Christians I have met. Locking at them we can safely say they have no water to spare—cold, in indifferent to the needs of others, self-absorbed. I have gone to them hungry in my own soul, and left them whispering to myself, "No water to spare." No hallelujahs, no shouts of glory to be heard in their camp. These men and women seem to have had their counterpart in the time of the prophet Amos, for he says, "There would be a famine, not of bread, nor thirst for water, but of the words of the Lord . . . and they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it." (Amos viii. 11, 12.) The representatives of Jehovah were living in that day, when they had no water to spare. No joy, peace, love for others, but a cold, selfish life. As we stand on the high way of life may we, as Leaguers, be fountains of living waters where the struggling, weary, passers-by to eternity shall find water to quench their thirst—that thirst that the world cannot satisfy.

Jesus says (John iv. 14), "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." David had enough and to spare, for he said, "My cup runneth over."

You know the story of dear Bob Wilson, who, when dying on the field of battle, refused a drink of water, saying, "Na, na, thank ye, sir; give it to you lad there. I have drank of he water of life, and he hasn't." Dear Bob's pool was supplied from the main, for in Him is fulness of joy.

Let us hunger and thirst after righteousness, for we shall be filled and be able to say, "He fills my cup to overflowing and ever gives me joy!—Under the Colors.

How Mysterious.

From somebody's pocket on the high seas, in the forties, last century, a New Testament dropped overboard, and was washed up on the coast of the little island of Japan. It was picked up by a fisherman, and finally it reached the palace of the lord of that portion of the country.

There was a kinsman of his in the house who took great interest in this strange book. He determined to find out what it meant. The language was strange to him; he could find out nothing about it for a long time, but finally some stranger came to the palace and told him it was written in the Dutch language. Up to that time for centuries the Japanese had had no intercourse with any country except the Dutch, and then only in the protection of their country.

There were some few Japanese who knew something of the Dutch language, and it was one of these that came to this palace and told the man to whom this book had come that it was written in Dutch.

He set himself then to learn the Dutch language, that he might read his book. For some years he studied very hard, and finally learned sufficient to be able to read this book, and gradually it became to him his choicest possession; and when missionaries came to Japan some ten years later, he was the first Christian disciple in Japan.

The words of the following hymn have just come to my mind, and how true they are—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His deep designs
And works His sovereign will."

M. F. Ellis.

"I'll Give My Life for You."

From observation, I can never forget a case in my earlier ministry. He was a son, husband, and father, but had forgotten the loving responsibility of these sacred relationships. Poor man! Liquor had done its awful work all too well. Through it he had cost his father a fortune, and had caused the death of his mother and wife. All that was left him was a beautiful, flaxen-haired, seven-year-old daughter—lovely child—whom everybody pitied. Yet Lulu was to be the means of his conversion. It was on this wise: One day, looking through the window, she saw her father coming home, staggering drunk. This was not unusual, yet an unusual feeling came to her. Instead of hiding away in fear, she went to meet him. She was broken-hearted. Blinded with tears, she came up to him, paused a moment, then threw her arms around his neck, and while crying as though her heart would break, sobbed out: "Papa, I will give my little life for you if you will only stop drinking."

The man was dazed at this startling, though loving attack. It sobered him. A few nights after (a Methodist revival being in progress) his little daughter led him triumphantly to the altar, and amid the gladsome heartbursts of a multitude of friends he was saved.

IN CHRIST.

The following lines were copied from a very old moss-covered tombstone in Devonshire, England. Who the author was is unknown. The day of judgment will reveal the fact, and also another fact, namely, whether the reader has been led to love the Saviour or reject Him—

"Christ is the way, the truth, the life divine.
Seek thou on earth to take this Christ as thine.
For he that lives in Christ, in Christ shall die,
And dwell with Christ in heaven eternally."

Art thou a beggar at God's door? Be sure thou testest a great bowl, for as thy bowl is, so will be thy mess. According to thy faith, said He, be it unto thee.—John Bunyan.

A HILL-TOP SAINT.

By Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

To our frontispiece.)

In the slums of one of our great cities lived the subject of our frontispiece. At that time, eighty-four years of age, confined to her bed for five years, and living in the basement of a slum tenement.

She is a beautiful illustration of the power of Christ, not only to save and to keep, but to make happy, under the most adverse circumstances. As the door opens, and the familiar slum officer appears with the kindly enquiry as to how Granny is getting on; the characteristic answer is heard:

"Still on the hill-top, sister! I'm still on the hill-top!"

And then the dear old saint invites the Captain to join in singing one after another of the familiar Army choruses which help to cheer her on her journey through "the Valley of Shadows."

What a lesson for every saint, every professed follower of the bleeding Lamb, every soldier under our blessed Army flag!

You can have a hill-top experience in your soul, no matter what may be your circumstances.

If you wait for your circumstances to improve, to better themselves, as the saying is, you may wait till the grave opens to receive you.

True, some of the inconveniences may change, or be removed, or disappear. You may be richer, you may own a more comfortable home, you may have more friends, you may become popular, your name may even become a household word in the realms of music, of letters, of science, of politics, of philanthropy. But all these put together

Do Not Spell "Happiness."

"Peace I leave with you! My peace I give unto you!" was not spoken to the inventors, the scientists, the politicians, the statesmen of Christ's day, but to a humble band of penniless fishermen, most of whom ended their lives in some violent form, martyrdom to the persecuting spirit of their age.

If you have not that "hill-top" experience in your soul, do not, I say, blame your circumstances, or wait for them to change. The secret of the unrest lies deeper. The baneful seed of sin, of disobedience, of unfaithfulness, is producing its usual fruit. Uproot the cause and your soul shall enjoy the perfect peace which is your blood-bought privilege.

Poverty is not inconsistent with happiness. There is more real happiness among the poor than among the rich.

Sickness and death are not necessarily inconsistent with happiness. Witness the triumph of ten thousand saints—Job's rapping himself with a potsherd, Lazarus with his sores licked by the dogs, Paul with his "thorn in the flesh," Timothy suffering with his "oft infirmities."

Pass with the same slum officer to another attic home. An old couple approaching three score years and ten, the husband a

Joiner, Partly Paralyzed.

See, how tenderly the wife lifts the disabled arm so that the skillful hand may place the bits of wood in their proper position. And thus with difficulty day by day they eke out a scanty existence.

Not one murmur escapes their aged lips. They are filled with gratitude to God for new tokens of His loving kindness. The very rays of sunshine which the slum officer scatters in her path are gathered up more eagerly and gratefully than earth's richest treasures.

Claim for yourself, then, a hill-top experience, whoever you may be. Search out and uproot the upas tree of sin, which always spells sorrow, defeat, and unrest, and then, like the subject of our picture, you may be able to testify that you are "still on the hill-top."

A Trophy of Divine Grace,

Reached and Won at Belleville, Ont.

Syllabus.—A wanderer from mother's prayers—Desperate drinking—A solemn oath of reformation—Attempt at suicide—Arrested by a storm—Central Prison experience—The news that broke mother's heart—Whiskey spasms—The Salvation Army intervenes—Prison cell visits—The miracle of conversion—Prayer answered for an old chum—God can save the vilest.

I write this sketch of part of my life to let others know what the saving power of Jesus can do for anyone who fully believes and sincerely trusts Him. It is written with a prayer that it may be an inspiration for the one who has given up all hope, to seek again the helping, loving, and forgiving Christ.

I was brought up under the influence of a praying mother, but I got away from it, and took to drink, and was soon known as a hard and desperate drunkard, although young in years. Repeatedly I tried and failed to stop the drink habit of my own will. I did not look to God for help then, for I had forgotten Him, and used His name only in curses. One day, after a week's debauch I went to the cemetery where my youngest sister lay buried, whom I loved, and kneeling on her grave, swore by her memory I would never drink again. But, alas! I broke that oath in less than six months. After that I was worse than ever, and finally made my mind up to end it all. I was in Toronto at the time, and managed to buy some laudanum with the last piece of money I had. There was enough in the bottle to kill three or four men, and I drank it all, sitting on a seat on University Street. God did not want me to die then, for as I was sitting there, fast going into the last long sleep of death and hell, He sent one of the worst storms of its time. A couple of small boys, who were taking shelter under a tree near by, saw me, and supposing I was drunk, undertook to shake me up. Between their pulling, and jerking, the rain, and awful thunder and lightning, I got roused enough to faintly grasp the awful position I was in, and I sprang to my feet and rushed off through the storm, sometimes nearly collapsing—but still going, going, with the desire of life never so strong in me before. By daylight the next morning I had the poison conquered. Oh, what a night I had passed!

On the Verge of Hell!

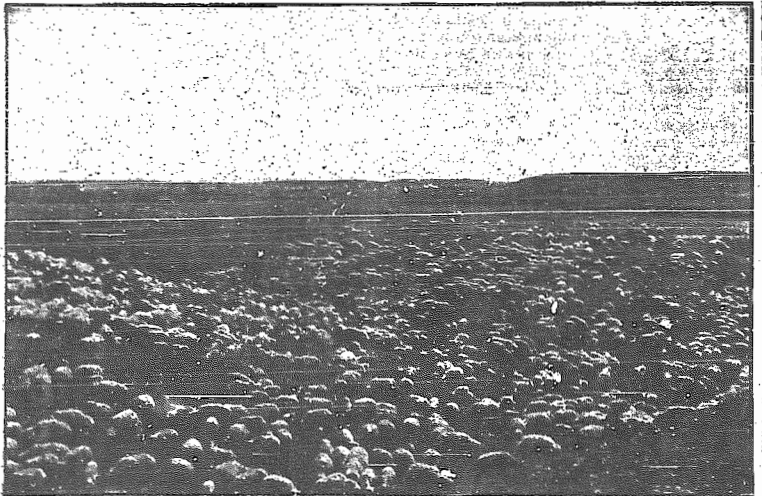
One would think after that experience I would have surely quit drink for some time, but let me tell you, dear reader, I was arrested the following Saturday night in a town about fifty miles from Toronto for breaking into a store under the influence of drink. I got six months in the Central Prison. This was the start of my jail life. I did my term under another name, and no one in my home town knew anything about it. While there I thought of my mother's prayers, and had a strong desire for a better life. I remember writing some verses about my mother's prayers, the first of which read thus:—

"Silently the shades of evening gather round my lonely cell;
Silently they bring before me faces I have loved so well.

I see my mother's calm, sweet features hovering in the glooming there,
And my mind in fancy wanders back to childhood's hisping prayer."

Oh, if I had only understood that Jesus was able and willing to save me then, what sorrow and misery I would have avoided in the next seven years. I went through a hell of anguish and remorse in that period that few men have come through and lived. I took to drink the first day I was out, and was soon in jail in my home town. Never shall I forget the condi-

tion I was in when I arrived at the police station. It was a bitter cold night in February. Scarcely two months since I was released from the Central. I had an old pair of shoes on, with no socks on my feet, an old undershirt, with a still worse old coat buttoned up around my throat to take the place of vest and top shirt. An old pair of pants and an old cap completed my picture, and indeed was an horrible example of the effects of strong drink. When I came up before the Magistrate, he looked me over, and calling me by name told me there was a time when he thought punishment would do me good, but he said, "This morning I have nothing but sympathy and pity for your deplorable condition." I got a month in jail.



Sheep Ranching in Western Canada, on the Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The following spring I was back in the Central for another six months for breaking into a drug store to steal whiskey and brandy.

A Sensational Arrest.

I was with two companions at the time, and our arrest was very sensational, one of the three policemen that were on our track emptying his revolver at us as we were fleeing. After a short time one of my companions and myself staggered out from our hiding place, and ran fairly into the arms of a policeman and a number of citizens who were roused by the firing, and had joined the hunt for the burglars. The brandy I had drunk and the excitement of the business made me desperate. I fought until I was beaten into submission by the policeman's baton. If I had had a weapon on me that night the chances are I would have committed murder. Let me tell you, reader, that the very morning previous to the night I was arrested for burglary, I was released by the Magistrate on a six months' suspended sentence for habitual drunkenness. I came before the County Judge for the burglary charge, and owing to the strong influence that was brought to bear,

he let me off with as light a sentence as he could, namely, six months. While doing this second term in the Central my best and only earthly friend died, under circumstances that made me more desperate than ever—if that were possible. I speak of my dear, sweet mother.

Mother's Broken Heart.

One year previous to my arrest for burglary she had moved out west to live with one of my sisters. She wanted me to go with her, but I would not, promising to come later on. The news that I got when I was released was that she was found lying in a paralytic stroke, with the letter clasped in her hand which said that her boy was a thief and was in prison. She died—I killed her—but with a prayer on her lips for me. She lies in a grave out in the west I have never yet looked upon.

In less than a month I was back in the Central, and when I came out there was nothing but drink and jail. When I was not drunk I was in jail nearly all the time. During a short period of work in one of the shops where I had worked in better days, I would not work unless they paid me twice a day. I think I kept this up for a couple of weeks. I would spend the noon hour in some saloon, drinking all the poison I could get into me, and at night it was the same. By morning I had not a nicde, and had spent the night in a barn. I seldom ate; if I did a very little sufficed. One day a fellow workman caught me as I was falling off my stool in whiskey spasms. There were two doctors with me that afternoon.

I could go on and on writing of the terrible conditions that drink got me into while I was roaming the country as a hobo, some of them with ghastly humor, but I am anxious to tell of the bright side. I had had the best of chances to reform, but they were of no avail. Two years ago, as I came out of the jail here the best influence in the city was brought to bear on my case, but in a short time I was back in jail again a ragged bum. Last winter I also spent there.

Met the Salvation Army.

About that time Staff-Captain Mrs. Perry, who is in charge here, started visiting the jail, and got interested in my case. I think I told her it was no use; that I had all the chances necessary to reform anybody, but it was impossible for me to live any other life than the one I was living. I had got into a spirit of unbelief. However, she called to see me a day or two before I came out, and gave me an invitation to call on her. I did so, but I was half drunk at the time and nothing came of the call. I was drunk every day for a month, dodging the police, and in a state bordering on delirium

tremens. But I called again on the Staff-Captain, and by her Christly actions and teachings in a few days was led to know Jesus. If ever a person on earth worked hard to save a soul that saintly woman did. She was the means, through Christ, of saving me from a suicide's hell, for I was trying to work up nerve to kill myself when she took me in hand. May God in heaven abundantly bless her.

To-day I stand a soldier for Christ, through good or ill, for all time. When I was in my sober senses I did not have nerve enough to walk the principal thoroughfares, but went slinking along the back streets with down-cast eyes, like a whipped cur; but now I stand on the corner of the streets, and through God's grace tell the people of the wonderful change He has wrought in me. There is no slinking or fear now. I have become reconciled to dear relatives who previously cast me off, as they could do nothing for me. I have had nothing but kind words from everybody, from the highest to the lowest, in the city. They look upon my conversion as a miracle, no doubt, but God can do anything.

I want to tell you one thing He did for me through prayer. When I was fully satisfied that my soul was right with God, I began to pray for others. I singled out one that I thought needed my prayers more than all others just then. He was an old clum, with whom I had been in jail and drunk time after time. He was on the drink at this time, and I began to fear that he would drop dead on the streets, for he is well up in years, old enough to be my father, and a desperate drunkard, like I was, selling his clothes off his back, and, in fact, doing anything to get it. I had a talk with him, and he said he would try and do better, but I knew he couldn't of his own accord. I found the Staff-Captain trying to do what she could for him, and this encouraged me to pray the more earnestly. While drunk he made a confession, and next day disappeared. He had gone to the hospital with delirium tremens. Only last night, just two days out of the hospital, he stood with me on the corner and told the people of the saving power of Jesus. He told the people that he had been

In Jail on Four Continents

through whiskey, and so he has. He has had a wonderful career, one time making a clever and desperate escape from prison, and years after giving himself up. He is also a well-known character, being born in the same city as I was.

I would that others who have lost hope for themselves should think of what Jesus has done for my old comrade and myself, and get to their knees to pray earnestly. Pour out all your misery to Jesus, mean business, and you will find, my brother outcast, that Jesus will listen and will pardon you, and you will have a peace that you never dreamed of, and in a very short time, if you keep looking Christward, you will have clothes on your back, a situation, and the handclasp and interest of friends who had cast you off. Do it now. God bless you.—From one who has proved the saving grace of God.

THE 104th SWISS CORPS.

The work is advancing all along the line in Switzerland. Another opening is reported at Cernier, in French Switzerland, where the prospects are excellent. In German Switzerland, Commissioner McAlonan has rented another hall at Nennhausen, and the new corps will be opened in the month of September, making the 104th corps of the Army in Switzerland.

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Booth in Holland

The Annual Field Day Celebration.

The happiest anticipations centred on this year's demonstration in Holland, when it was announced that Mrs. Booth herself would conduct the Field Day in some beautiful grounds, known as Rooswyle, near Beveravyle. The memories of Mrs. Booth's previous visit are treasured fondly, and helped to increase the faith and zeal with which the day was ushered in.

Major Vouwé Vlas sums it up "as an unbroken chain of God-glorifying events." He says:

"The crowds were larger than we have seen for many a year. They were a study in themselves, representing as they did all classes and conditions of men. Rich and poor, young and old, were there—to enjoy themselves? Yes! But above all to get blessed and encouraged so as to be able to say, 'Our eyes have seen the King in His glory.'

"This spirit of longing to get in touch with God was a marked feature of the day—a feature which it is difficult to over-estimate.

"This was noticeable in the first meeting led by Mrs. Booth. The large platform was filled with officers and bandmen, and when Mrs. Booth appeared she was received by an enthusiastic crowd of about four thousand people. When she rose to speak, the faces of this vast multitude were uplifted and their ears stretched so as not to lose a single word.

"In vain would I try, with my limited knowledge of English, to describe this first meeting. God came in a remarkable manner to the assistance of this warrior-woman while she delivered her irresistible message of full salvation in words clear and distinct, which could be easily heard by every one.

"It is true we did not get a great crowd of penitents; but there were some striking surrenders. Almost one of the first seekers was a Dutch bluejacket.

"At 12.30 groups of Salvationists could everywhere be seen kneeling in prayer. Many of them were once living a life of sin and wickedness, but through the Army they had been led to God and salvation, and were now praying for the success of their beloved Army.

"Several smaller gatherings having been held simultaneously, there followed another large united meeting under the leadership of Mrs. Booth.

The Great Central Fact in the Universe.

"The interest manifested in the morning was even more intense in the afternoon meeting. Some had to stand all the time, but they would rather do this for two hours than miss the chance of hearing the woman who had been so greatly owned of God, and whom they had already learned to love.

"Perhaps never have we listened to a more eloquent and powerful address than Mrs. Booth gave us that afternoon.

"Although 'the cross was already our attraction' it has become even more so after what we heard Mrs. Booth say about what she described as 'the great central fact in the universe.'

"Several more souls came to God, but the influence of this gathering will be far beyond what we could see with our natural eyes."

A march past brought the proceedings to a close, and presented a striking testimony to the blessed work God has done and is still doing through the Army in Holland.

Mrs. Booth was accompanied by Commissioner Higgins and her daughter Miriam, whose rendering of Dutch solos was very acceptable.

Shortly after the day's demonstration ended the wife of one of our officers from Ierseke (the oyster village) was taken seriously ill. She was conveyed to one of the nearest villages, but before medical aid had arrived her soul had gone from the Field Day to heaven!

Auxiliary Notes.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"Little children, homeless children—pleading eyes and outstretched hands—
Crying for the homes withheld in this favored Christian land;
Are there not some souls responsive, sympathetic, loving, true,
Who will spread the nation's red-tree over every one of you?"

The officials of a female prison, after trying in vain to get a three-months-old baby into some institution, sent it to us. We do not often take them without their mother, under ten or twelve months, but in this case rules were waived under the pathetic plea, "You see, we have no place for it but the laundry or the prison cell, and a cell is almost too cold for a baby." After a time it was adopted into the family of a physician, where its aunt, a nice, respectable young girl, was working. God grant that a bright life may be before the little child, whose first breath was drawn in a prison cell.

"Stricken women, childless women—empty arms aching hearts—
Yearning for the bliss of mother joy, in which you have no part,
Does the quiet of the churchyard, in its still embraces, hold
Little ones, that you are longing in your arms ones more to fold?"

A physician, in the rounds of his professional duties, discovered in a poor, miserable hovel, a tiny, half-starved baby, scarcely enough flesh drawn over the bones to keep the tiny frame together. Its discomfort was greatly increased by the vermin which tortured the little body. The doctor's kind wife brought it, just as it was, to the Home. Our officers washed and cared for it, but it had gone too far, and in spite of every care it passed away, but its last remaining days were made comfortable and happy.

A similar case occurred where the baby of a poor fallen girl was brought to the Army one bitter cold night.

"Oh," cried the woman, in whose care it was, "Can't you take it in? Surely there is some corner where you can put it."

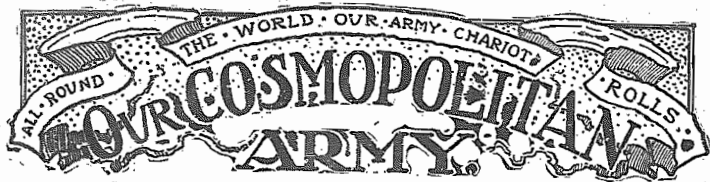
It was taken in, warmed, and cared for by loving hands, "for His dear sake."

Down one of the worst localities of one of our largest cities a policeman was passing. The mechanical rhythm of his measured tread belied the humane, sympathetic heart which beat beneath the coat of blue. It was the prompting of this same heart which made this agent of the law pause before a little white girl, out of whom scarce thirteen winters of the worst influences of wicked seniors had well-nigh already erased the last lingering trace of maiden grace. To the question how she came to such a place unprotected, amid such worse than cruel company, she returned the all-sufficient reason, "No home, and no mother." Whereupon that same stalwart man in blue took her into custody and literally ran her in—not behind the iron-clamped door of the police station, but into the hospitable entry of the Army Home, where tender, mature, and patient guidance have done love's utmost to undo what may be of evil chains forged with such iniquitous precision around that young soul.

No man reaches the day of great things who refuses to endure that of small things.

A heart of love, loves all God's creatures. A heart of love is not indifferent to the claims of a lost world. A heart of love will turn itself out in a loving, zealous service at home and abroad. A heart of love will have compassion for those who never heard. A heart of love will try to alleviate suffering. A heart of love will measure plain, mountain, and sea, and never stop until it has embraced every shore of heathendom, and put its arms about the lost of every tribe and nation.

Where art thou?



Japan's Memory of Peace.

The Salvation Army Officers' School.

(Translated from the Tokio "Mainichi Shimbun," 9.6.06.)

A prettily painted new building has appeared on high grounds along the Sotobori Electric Railway at Ichigaya Honkurakachi Ushigome, Tokio. This is the school in which the Salvation Army warriors will be trained. Sixty students (Cadets) can enter into it. Its opening meeting was held a few days ago. Twenty-one men and six women Cadets (two are wives) have entered, and are receiving regular training under the school directors, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Orr. (The photograph of the school and the school master and his wife appeared in the daily press.)

Mr. Orr was connected with the Army International Officers' School in England, a famous theological school of 300 and more students) for a long time, and came to Japan in the February of last year. He is thirty or more years old.

The Salvation Army has already contributed much to the improvement of the society of Japan. But its mission will be hereafter greater. General Booth in England loves Japan, and has done many things, one of which was to appeal for 50,000 yen, as an offering of peace. It is said that the officers' school is one of the products made by that offering. Therefore the new building of the Salvation Army Officers' School is the good memory of the Russian-Japanese War.

Capt. Ichimoriya is a sincere man, who, after graduating from the Imperial Higher School, gave up to enter the Imperial Army, and came to the Salvation Army.

Believing that many self-sacrificing warriors will come out of the school, we pray many blessings on its future.

In the Australian Commonwealth.

Melbourne's District Nursing Scheme.

Our splendid new hospital in Melbourne, comprising thirteen wards, and having accommodation for about fifty patients, has been officially opened by Sir Reginald Taibot, the State Governor.

In connection with the opening it is intended to establish a system of District Nursing in Melbourne and suburbs.

For this purpose a considerable increase in our nursing staff will be rendered necessary.

It is not the Army's intention to engage outside nurses, excepting those who make application in the usual way to become officers, but to train a number of young women in the work to meet this extension of the work.

A New Prison Gate Home.

Our Prison Gate Work in Australia is advancing.

The last mail brings news of the acquisition of a new Prison Gate Home at North Fremantle, Western Australia.

This, writes Colonel Hoskins, has long been looked forward to, and will be greatly appreciated in the State.

Conversions in New Zealand Jails.

For some time the officer in charge of Christchurch Prison Gate Brigade, New Zealand, has been visiting the jail at Lyttleton, with encouraging results.

During the Sunday morning meeting, con-

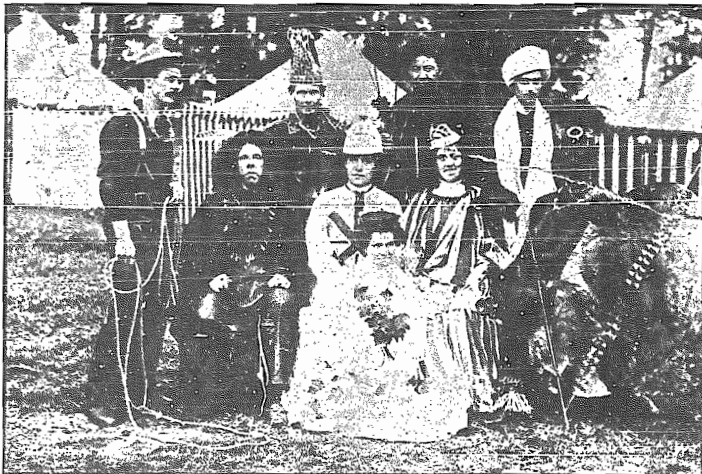
ducted by Staff-Capt. Williams a young man sang "Life's morn will soon be waning," and the chorus was heartily taken up by the others.

At the close a young fellow, who was undergoing a four years' term, was the first to respond.

Twelve others raised their hands as evidence of a desire to be converted.

A Week-End at the Bramwell Settlement, South Africa.

The visit of specials is greatly appreciated by our native converts and soldiers, who drink in eagerly all the instruction offered. Staff-Capt. Clark had a profitable week-end on the Settlement recently, and conducted a dedication, a swearing-in, and a commission-



Representatives of Missionary Work in Dufferin Grove.

BRITISH NOTES.

The arrangements for the General's third Meor Tour are now complete. The campaign opens at Inverness, in Scotland, on Sunday, the 29th inst., and terminates at Plymouth on Wednesday, the 29th of August. This year's tour promises to be quite as successful as its predecessors.

The inhabitants of the ancient city of Leicester demonstrated their appreciation of the Army's work in their midst on a recent Sunday night, by giving an open-air collection of £10 (\$50) on the drumhead.

Four health camps for young people have just been opened, and there have been many applications for admission. They will be available for a month.

A man and his wife, who had spent close on \$7500 for drink during the past few months, knelt together at the mercy seat in a provincial corps recently, and are now mutually helping one another to keep saved and sober. Their daughter has since joined them under the Army flag.

The S. A. Life Assurance Society is just entering upon a new financial year. Four fresh Divisions are being formed and nineteen additional Assistant Superintendents have been appointed. The past year has been a record one.

The Nineteenth Congress

Of the Salvation Army in Denmark held at Copenhagen.

Commissioner Higgins, as the General's representative, together with Acting-Commissioner Sowton, the Territorial leader, has just concluded the important series of meetings which mark the 19th Annual Danish Congress.

Large open-air and indoor gatherings took place. The Sunday afternoon march through the Capital to the Soedermarken Park being described as the largest procession of Salvationists that Copenhagen has yet seen. It made a great impression on the city.

At the park 4,000 people listened attentively to Commissioner Higgins' address.

Fifty-three souls came to the mercy seat during the week-end meetings.

The officers and soldiers are enthusiastic about the Army's future in Denmark.



Young People's Page

RICHNESS OF THE COBALT SILVER DISTRICT.

A recent investigator of the now famous Cobalt silver region of New Ontario states that three years ago barren land could have been bought around Cobalt for 10 cts. per acre, whereas some of it would now bring as much as \$100 per square foot, many forty-acre tracts of the rocky and swampy wilderness being valued at \$1,000,000. It is claimed by those who have examined the section that nowhere in the world does silver crop out of the ground as it does at Cobalt. Already \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 worth of the ore taken out of one of the narrow, irregular veins of almost pure silver has been shipped. Carloads are worth from \$25,000 to \$30,000, while one of picked

MORE ABOUT DEEP BREATHING.

We have called attention before to the proper use of the lungs, both by breathing deeply, so that even their most remote corners may be reached, and by keeping open windows so that the air inhaled may be pure.

Only by steady practice can the lower and unused portions of the lungs be got into working order. Just at first the effect to breathe deeply may induce coughing or the loosening of phlegm (which should be expelled, and never swallowed); this is only a sign that the passages are getting cleared and should not discourage the new habit.

Whether the body wakes or

sleeps, the circulation of blood to every part goes on. Pumped from the heart through greater veins—which divide and branch out again and again, spreading like a network to every part—the pure blood starts on its way a bright red color. But as its journey proceeds, and it gathers up the impurity which needs to be carried away, its color changes to a much darker shade, and at length it reaches the lungs laden with carbonic acid gas. If pure air is being deeply breathed, this soiled and impure blood meets in the lungs

with the very cleansing it needs, for just as a clean water washes away dirt, so pure air carries off carbonic acid gas. The breath drawn in may be pure, but that breathed out is certain to be impure.

It has fulfilled its mission by restoring the blood in the lungs to a bright red. Now it should have opportunity to escape—just as soiled water should be thrown away—but unless there is fresh air available, the same stale and poisonous atmosphere will be drawn into the lungs again, and so the blood will be unable to do its work properly, and the body will get out of order.

What happens when air and blood meet in the lungs and exchange burdens, has been described as follows:—

The lungs consist of a spongy substance perforated with millions of minute air-cells, which are supplied with air from without by means of the windpipe and bronchial tubes. Just as a squeezed sponge, when placed in water, sucks up the fluid and expands, so the lungs are capable of absorbing atmospheric air by expansion, and then discharging it by virtue of their elasticity.

All these air-cells, of which there are no less than 725 million, have minute blood-vessels lining their sides, which are all of such delicate and porous structure that the air is immediately absorbed into the blood through their fabric, and a change takes place which transforms the blood, relieving it of impurity and brightening its color.

Thus it will be understood that by deep, full breathing the whole body is affected; for the blood is the life, and travels to every part. If the air breathed is pure, and fills the whole lungs at every inhalation, then the blood will be kept pure, and will carry health and vigor on its journey. Deep breathing strengthens the muscles which by it are called into exercise; it also hardens the chest and throat, so that contact with chilly air is a pleasure and no longer awakens fears of

"catching cold." Its effects on the complexion and general condition of the skin will also be quickly seen, but in order that the skin may be improved and kept really healthy, something else is necessary, of which we hope to deal later.—The Deliverer.

"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

Luther used to say there were many of the Psalm he could never understand until he was afflicted. Rutherford declares he got a new Bible through the furnace. Even the heathen Elton said: "It's a great misfortune not to endure misfortunes"; and Alexander, when his house was in ruins and his estate wasted, afterwards remarked: "If they had not perished, I should have perished." So said one brought to himself by blindness: "I could see, so I'll I was blind." Trials bring many to God. Job would not come to Absalom till Absalom set his corn field on fire.—Sel.

THE BEST TREATISE FOR A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.

Rev. A. Forrest, the editor of a New York secular newspaper, was asked by a correspondent to name a few of the best books for a young man in business. The editor's reply was: "The best single treatise in the New Testament; next to this is the Book of Proverbs of Solomon. The best business man we have ever known memorized the entire Book of Proverbs at twenty-two, carrying a ten-cent edition in his vest pocket, and committing half a dozen verses daily. When he became an employer of labor, he gave a copy of this book to every one of his servants, recommending it as an admirable business guide."

PINEAPPLES.

The Way They Grow and How the Plants Reproduce.

Pineapples do not grow on trees. Imagine a plant four feet in extreme height from the ground to the tip of leaves. A single stalk at the surface, but dividing at once into awnlike blades or leaves, fifteen in number, from the centre of which appears a stiff, upright stem, at the top of which is the fruit. This stem is short, and the crown of the fruit when fully grown is a foot or more below the points of the leaves. At the end of a year and a half from planting each plant produces a single fruit, even as a cabbage plant produces a single head. But the pineapple does not die after fruiting once. Down on the stem below the fruit, and among the long narrow leaves a sucker appears. If allowed to remain this will soon become the head of the plant, and within another year will yield another fruit. This process may go on for a term of years. In the meantime, however, other suckers will make their appearance.

These are broken off, and when stuck into the ground they put out roots and become other plants. Thus a single pineapple plant may produce a dozen or more others while it is yielding fruit from year to year.

At two large female prisons, at Holloway and Manchester, Swedish drills for women not over thirty-five years of age have been instituted.

The duration of life with some insects is so short that numbers of them are born, grow old, and die within twenty-four hours.



Public Square, Cobalt.

New Opera House on left hand side, and Bank of Commerce marked X.

specimens from a particular mine sold for as much as \$30,000. These veins run for hundreds of feet across the country, even where showing upon the surface traces of the metal, so that one walks at times over a street of silver. The cost of getting the ore out is exceedingly low, so the miners state, being about eight per cent. of the value of the product obtained. It does not pay, however, at present to ship ore having a value of less than \$200 per ton.—From "Canada."

THE SOUTHERN COYOTE.

Habits of This Cunning Animal Described by President Roosevelt.

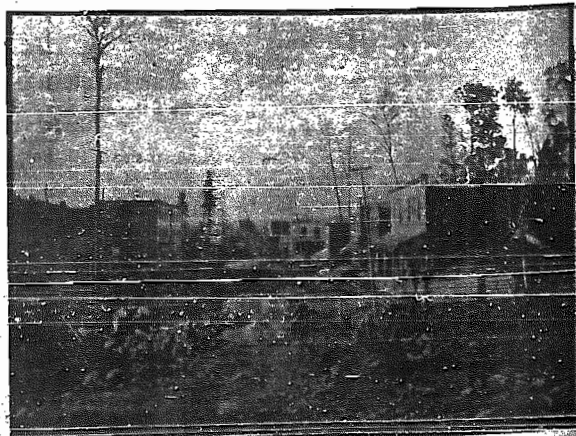
These southern coyotes, or prairie wolves, are only about one-third the size of the big grey timber wolves of the Northern Rockies. They are too small to meddle with full-grown horses and cattle, but pick up young calves and kill sheep as well as any small domestic animal that they can get at.

The big wolves flee from the neighborhood of anything like close settlements, but coyotes hang around the neighborhood of man much more persistently. They show a fox-like cunning in catching rabbits, prairie dogs, gophers, and the like. After nightfall they are noisy, and their melancholy wailing and yelling are familiar sounds to all who pass over the plains. The young are brought forth in holes in cut banks or similar localities.

Within my own experience I have known of the finding of but two families. In one there was but a single family of five cubs and one old animal, undoubtedly the mother; in the other case there were ten or eleven cubs and two old females which had apparently shared the burrow or cave, though living in separate pockets. In neither case was any full-grown male coyote found in the neighborhood. As regards these particular litters, the father seemingly had nothing to do with taking care of or supporting the family.

I am not able to say whether this was accidental or whether it is the rule that only the mother lives with and takes care of the litter. I have heard contrary statements about the matter from hunters who should know. Unfortunately I have learned from long experience that it is only exceptional hunters who can be trusted to give accurate descriptions of the habits of any beast save such as are connected with the chase.

Coyotes are sharp, wary, knowing creatures, and on most occasions take care to keep out of harm's way.—From "A Wolf Hunt in Oklahoma," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.



A Main Street in the New Mining Town of Cobalt.



Note.—Under this title we are pleased to announce a series of articles from the able pen of Lieutenant Colonel Gaikin, of which this is the first.—Ed.

Some little time ago a private conversation turned upon the subject of holiness, when, to my surprise, a lady asked the question: "What is holiness? Is it possible to be sanctified and kept blameless from day to day?" My reply was naturally in the affirmative, from the fact that—

1. Sanctification is a Scriptural doctrine.
2. It was only reasonable that God should expect His people to be holy.
3. The numerous testimonies to the blessing of entire sanctification evidences beyond doubt that it is not only possible to be sanctified; but that we ought to live holy.

The lady's question, I must confess, somewhat surprised me, inasmuch as she was a Christian of good standing, of eminent reputation, and well known as an ardent toiler in the service of God and for the good of her fellows. This lady afterwards explained when speaking further upon the subject that her difficulty arose through having heard so many different explanations regarding the blessing of a clean heart, how obtained, and how retained, until she confessed to being confused in her own mind respecting the entire matter.

Possibly this question may have perplexed many others and given rise to considerable confusion of ideas, and yet why this should be is difficult to understand when there is so much clear, concise, and understandable teaching upon the subject, besides which, the Bible is so emphatic in its utterances. It is God's will that we should be sanctified—that the heart of man should be cleansed from every sin, washed from every stain, and that every "root of bitterness" should be entirely destroyed. Indeed, we are commanded to be holy. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," says the Word, and it is not difficult to suppose that if God has willed our sanctification, commanded us to be holy, that He has also made provision in the plan of salvation for the complete regeneration of the nature of man by the power of the Holy Ghost. The mistake that many people make is this, they seem to conceive the idea that holiness is something "put on," or "added to." Many come to the mercy seat for "more love," others seek for "more power," and yet others "consecrate themselves again" to the Lord. Now, it is possible to obtain distinct blessing in this manner, but it is scarcely the way to obtain the blessing of a clean heart. It is like giving to a sick man a stimulant or tonic, instead of getting down to the root of his disease and eradicating the cause of his sickness.

Sin is to be Burnt Out.

Sin is a moral disease, whether in the heart of the sinner or the saint, and it must be burnt out of the nature by the refining fires of the Holy Ghost. Provision has been made for the destruction of every work of evil in the human heart, and for the overthrow of every tendency to wrong doing, and grace is freely given whereby we may live "soberly, righteously, and godly." Holiness does not consist in the possession of talents, or in the outward ceremonies of religion. It is the effect of the principle of grace implanted in the soul by the Holy Ghost. It is the very essence of

true happiness and the basis of all Christian dignity. Some writer has said that "not by our tears, prayers, or emotions do we prove our love to Christ or loyalty to His cause, but by the principles which govern our everyday life and conduct."

Holiness is absolutely essential to the full enjoyment of God in this present life. "The pure in heart shall see God," and they that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" are blessed. Further, it is necessary, that we be holy in order that we may be ready to stand before the judgment bar of God, for if God has provided for our holiness and commanded holiness, He expects us to be holy, and will enquire on the great day of reckoning why we have not walked in the light, and lived up to our opportunities, why we have neglected to appropriate to ourselves the best gifts of the Gospel, and why we have not believed His Word, observed His commands, and done His will.

The Apostle enjoins us "to follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Are you a seeker after holiness? Are you desiring and longing for the blessing of a clean heart? Are you walking in love and faith and desiring to be strengthened? There is one royal way, "Be ye holy." Separate yourself from sin, renounce everything that would hinder, obey the voice of God, consecrate yourself wholly to His service, have faith in Him who has called you, who will also do it, and the work shall be accomplished, the experience shall be yours. Light and gladness shall come into your heart and life, for "light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart."



Special Weekly Prayer Topic:
—Pray for the young men and women who are just now preparing to leave home and friends at home, preparatory to taking up work of officership in the Salvation Army.

- Sunday, July 23.—Hated by the World.—John xv. 4-19.
Monday, July 30.—Promised Comforter.—John xv. 20-27; xvi. 1-11.
Tuesday, July 31.—Revealer of Truth.—John xv. 12-33.
Wednesday, Aug. 1.—Our Great Intercessor.—John xv. 1-26.
Thursday, Aug. 2.—Gethsemane.—Matt. xxvi. 30-36; John xviii. 1; Mark xiv. 33-41.
Friday, Aug. 3.—With a Kiss.—John xviii. 2-11.
Saturday, Aug. 4.—Calaphas.—Matt. xxvi. 55; John xviii. 12-24.

God Bless the Boys and Girls.

Just now in many homes young men and women are preparing to go out to serve their Lord in the Army's battlefield of service.

There will be pulsations of fear and throbbings of hope and expectation thrilling their hearts. Some may even be tempted at the last to give up their purpose and feel that the price of leaving home and friends is too great a one to pay.

We must pray that they may have the courage to carry out the vows of their consecration, and that as they enter the Training School for preparation in the work of officership there may be no reserves.

Blessings Passed on.

The Praying League Secretary is feeling very much cheered up just now. Quite a number of readers of this column have sent

very much appreciated notes, telling of blessings received through the perusal of the thoughts which are given here from week to week.

It is the constant desire of the writer that not only the members of the League may find a message in this column, but all readers may find one sometimes.

A Message from the East.

A dear friend, Miss Ellis, writes us a little message on the power of prayer:

"Peter's sermon gave great offence to the rulers of the Jews, and they imprisoned him and John, and they commanded them to preach no more in the name of Jesus, adding threatenings. The apostles and their company fleeth to prayer, and God, moving the place, testified that He heard their prayer."

"Being let go," the disciples went to their own company, and the believers unite in praise and prayer, and God signifies His acceptance, for the place was shaken—a physical token that the great God had come to their help.

This was a second baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the effect was that they were of one heart and one soul. Such was the power of love that five thousand suddenly became one, and they showed that they were dead to the world, because none of them said that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common. (Acts iv. 31-37.)

We may learn a lesson here. It is much better in every way to be in the company of the friends of Jesus, than that of His enemies. (Ruth i. 16; Deut. vii. 3; Heb. xi. 24-26.)

We may also learn to carry every need and every trouble to God. He may not remove the trouble, but He will be sure to help us to bear it, and will surely give us the Holy Spirit. (2 Cor. xii. 8, 9; Phil. iv. 6, 7; Eph. vi. 18.)

Giving our substance, too, for the cause of Jesus is easy and pleasant when it springs from motives of love. (2 Cor. ix. 6-8; Rom. xv. 26.)

United prayer always brings souls together and makes them mighty for every good work and work. (Acts i. 14; Acts ii. 42; Acts xii. 5, 7, 12; Col. iii. 16.)

Special promises are attached to united prayer. (Matt. xviii. 19, 20.) "Common property" is described in verses 34-37, and in Acts ii. 44, 45.

This did not long continue, even at Jerusalem. (Rom. xv. 26.) It became inconvenient when the church grew larger. Nothing we have is our own. The spirit in which we give is all important.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS.

Holiness preaching is music to the Christian who hates, loathes, and abhors inward sin.

When the grace of repentance is retained the heart remains broken and contrite before God, and is ready for more grace.

The direct witness of the Spirit to entire sanctification, is the divine assurance that the soul is completely restored to the image of God. This assurance is always clear when the soul is entirely sanctified. It remains while the experience of entire sanctification is retained.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day, by night—
And this the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth and sunlit skies;
Must fix his gaze on Paradise—
And this the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
And this the life that counts.



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GAZETTE

Promotions—

Capt. Robert Taylor, N.-W. P., to be ENSIGN.

Capt. Adam Trask, Newfoundland, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Maud Luggier to be Captain.

Lieut. Florence Peacock to be Pro-Captain.

Lieut. Arthur Weir to be Pro-Captain.

Lieut. Hector Wright to be Pro-Captain.

Cadet Elsie Coyell, Newfoundland, to be Pro-Lieutenant.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

EDITORIAL

The Army's Forty-First Birthday. The month of July marks the 41st anniversary of the Salvation Army. Not even the keen perception of our beloved Veteran Founder could possibly foresee to what his individual efforts would grow, when he took his stand alone to do what one man could for the teeming, perishing multitudes in vice. Out of that noble individual effort and sacrifice has grown the universal Salvation Army. Thousands upon thousands of lives have emulated his example of consecration, ceased to live for self, and begun to spend and be spent for God and men. Neither are we yet at the end of the race.

In this connection it is well to recall the General's own estimate of the chief business of life, as herewith—

"It is far too generally thought by people who call themselves Christians that it is quite optional whether they take up any active work for God or not. This is a deception of Satan. I tell you it is at your peril if you do anything else. You are as much called to fight and suffer, and to make the saving of souls the chief business of your lives, as I am."—The General.

But although we do well to honor our General as the God-appointed leader and organizer of our vast salvation legions throughout the world, it is to God Himself that we raise our Ebenezer. It is by His grace we are what we are.

His love, earned us. His power freed us. His sacrifice bought salvation for us. We owe Him everything, and as a people let us not be slack in testifying to the fact.

What Shall We Render Unto Him? Is there not some tangible form in which we may prove our gratitude a reality? Some further service we could undertake? Some more desperate sinners win and rescue? Some wider field of usefulness enter? Some hitherto neglected duty accomplish? These are questions we should find an answer to upon our knees.

The General's Motor Campaign. On this date of issue the General is starting out once more on a vigorous Motor Campaign, which will certainly equal, if not surpass, its predecessors. Although land and sea lie between, we can reach the General in this arduous undertaking, and be of material assistance to him. By way of the throne let us unite to uphold him, and bespeak for him all the needed physical force and heavenly wisdom such an effort requires.

The General at Berlin.

Four Hundred Officers Revel in His Councils for Three Days—Opportunities in Germany—Conversions Through Booming the Cry—The New Training Home—Privileges Granted to S. A. Officers During Their Term of Military Service.

By Colonel Jacobs.

Last week I promised to send further particulars regarding the General's councils at the German Congress.

The General arrived on the Tuesday evening, and although he must have been very tired after the journey from London to Berlin, almost immediately after arriving he conducted the first council with his German officers. The series lasted three days, and were at first good, then better, and lastly BEST.

The General made a strong appeal to the intellect as well as the heart for those foundation truths and principles upon which the Salvation Army has been built.

The German officer appears anxious to learn, and is open to receive teaching and hear the truth. As I looked upon the four hundred officers in council, nearly all Germans by birth, my mind continually wandered, and the thought uppermost was of the great possibilities for the future of Germany. These four hundred officers, filled with the Holy Ghost, ought to bring about a greater revolution in Germany than did Martin Luther.

The fields "are white unto harvest," and after the blessing which fell upon this host during those annual councils, we may expect to hear great things being done for God in Germany.

I had an opportunity to converse with many German officers. I found them anxious to push the war on Salvation Army lines. There are hundreds of towns yet unopened which would be delighted to receive the Army. One Divisional Officer said that there were three

hundred such in Germany, with a population of over ten thousand.

Every officer seems to have a budget of stories to tell of conversions through selling the "Kriegs Ruf" in the beer gardens and other places, out of which our old Canadian War Cry Editor will find plenty of copy for his German Cry assuredly.

The Training Home Officers are enthusiastic, and have set their hearts upon developing the very best for God and the Army out of the Cadets placed under their charge. The new Training Home, recently acquired by the Army, is commodious and well suited to the requirements of the work.

The open-air difficulty in Germany is diminishing, and hopes are entertained that the day is at hand when salvation may be proclaimed to the masses in the open-air.

As is generally known, every German young man has to do two years' military service. This means that our officers have to be released from their duties for that length of time. Four such comrades, doing military service in Berlin attended the General's councils dressed in the uniform of the Kaiser's army. I am told they asked leave to attend all the meetings of the Congress. Their commanding officer was surprised when informed that it lasted a week, and somewhat hesitated, enquiring which were the most important meetings. They assured him all were equally important, and as a consequence they obtained permission to attend all meetings, mornings excepted.

NEWSLETS.

The promotion of Lieuts. Weir and Peacock, and their appointments to the command of respective corps in the Training Home Province as Captains, will be of interest to many who have come in contact with them. In their new field capacity they will still have something to do with the training of future Cadets, who will no doubt benefit by the experience they have gained whilst within the precincts of the Training College itself.

The appointment of six Sergeants from this batch of Cadets, who will remain in that capacity at the College, for training purposes during the coming session, marks a new departure, so far as this country is concerned. It is an excellent plan, and will doubtless be adhered to in the future regularly. In addition to furthering the system of training, these comrades will benefit by the enlarged experience they will gain, and thus be better fitted for the positions of greater importance in days to come.

It is rumored that the next session will mark the entrance of some officers' children into the career their parents have successfully followed. None should know better the constant toil and devotion required behind the scenes, as well as on the public platform. And it is all the more to the good that in every case it is by the individual choice of these young people that they are entering Army service for God and humanity's sake.

By the by, the son of Adjt. and Mrs. Williams took his first appointment as Lieutenant at Montreal 1, at the commissioning service reported elsewhere.

Colonel Jacobs is once more on his way back home, and the next time the Colonel

moves in all probability he will be accompanied by Mrs. Jacobs and family. During the long absences entailed by the Colonel's long voyages in the interests of the war, Mrs. Jacobs has nobly taken her part in sacrifice, and held the fort at home bravely. Such service does not go unnoticed and unrewarded. Those who stay by the staff and those actively engaged in the field will share and share alike in the spoils of reward by-and-by.

Casual mention was already made in these columns of the hurried visit of Brigadier Braine, from the International Trade Headquarters, to this country. We were glad to see and hear him in Toronto. It is likely that we shall have the pleasure of seeing Lieut. Colonel Simpson, the head of the International Trade Department, during the month of August. Canada has all to gain by a more intimate acquaintance with the leading officers of all branches of Army warfare in other countries, and we rejoice in such favored opportunities.

The sympathy of Headquarters, as well as their comrades on the field will be extended to Capt. and Mrs. Calvert, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in the loss of their dear babe, only five weeks old. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie, of the Canadian Soo, conducted the funeral.

At the time of writing the majority of our Headquarters' Staff are enjoying a brief rest from their arduous labors. Our offices and corridors are somewhat quieter than usual; nevertheless, the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are both on the bridge, and the few members of their Staff left behind have their hands pretty full!

Major Baugh's eldest son, Ensign Charles Baugh, has just taken unto himself a wife—Ensign Nellie Stewart.

Brigadier James J. Cooke is about to visit India and Ceylon, where he will undertake special work on behalf of our officers.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

PRESIDE AT THE
Commissioning of Fifty New Officers for the War.

A Sultry Night—Temple Packed—Enthusiasm at Boiling Pitch—Good Speeches by the Training Principal and Staff—Work Accomplished by the Cadets During Their Period of Training—The Commissioner's Powerful Address—Appointments Received with Delight and Fervor—More Volunteers for Officership.

Shortly after 7 p.m. dwellers in the vicinity of Albert Street must have become aware that an extraordinary event was to be celebrated at the Temple. Groups of Salvationists from all quarters, anxious relatives and friends of the young people about to be commissioned, local officers, and others, from all quarters of the city, began to fill the air with hallelujah greetings or snatches of song, and very soon an open-air was in progress on the corner of Yonge. Then up marched the Cadets and T. H. Staff, with radiant, expectant faces and overflowing spirits. In another hour or so each would learn his rank and destination in the great salvation war!

The arrival of Lisgar St. band in full blast was very creditable, and shows a growing concern in that end of the city. By a happy arrangement both Temple and Lisgar Street bands were ranged at right angles in front of the platform, facing each other, thereby leaving more available space for soldiers and friends. There was none too much, either. Gallery, floor, and platform were packed with happy, enthusiastic people, notwithstanding fans and babies (necessary adjuncts to the occasion.)

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs were supported by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Taylor and his aides, Brigadier Horn, Major Morris, Staff-Capt. Mantel, and a full platform of other Staff and Field Officers.

The preliminaries were characterized with all the concentrated vim, heartiness, and expectant faith the city corps could contribute, and indeed nothing was wanting in that respect from start to finish throughout this exceptionally good meeting.

The prayer time was followed with reverent fervor, peculiarly sweet being the spirit of reliance upon God, as the Commissioner called upon all officers present, then bands

men, and lastly the whole audience to adopt as their very own heart-prayer the tender little chorus, "I need Thee, oh, I need Thee," afterwards voicing all petitions himself.

A unique swinging song and chorus, led by Adj. Smith, was rendered by the whole batch of Cadets, the refrain of which promises to catch on. Its main theme was about praise, and truly these young people cannot do too much of that throughout their career.

By a few introductory remarks the Commissioner recalled the importance of the occasion which had brought us together, in spite of the warm summer night. He was conscious that there might be a number of relatives and friends present, who were peculiarly interested in the Cadets, and his great desire was that not only the latter, but also their visitors, should share in the blessings to be vouchsafed. Again, he was anxious that many other young men and women should rise up from this meeting

To Follow Jesus All the Way

and become soul-winners.

The Commissioner delights to give opportunity to his soldiers, and even though every moment was precious, he opened the safety valves in this respect and called for testimonies up-to-date. These were necessarily brief, but they came spontaneously from all over the building, Jimmy leading the van, as is his wont. His great soul-burden to-night was that the new officers might be "ALL RED-HOT." Certainly the indications appeared promising in that direction.

Selections by the Lisgar and Temple bands were interspersed by a solo from Colonel Pugmire, and a testimony from Staff-Capt. Stone, whom the Commissioner introduced as an officer having served honorably in India, but now engaged in Emigration work at London.

A thrill of patriotic pleasure and spontaneous applause greeted the rendering of

"The Maple Leaf Forever,"

which was ingeniously introduced into the selection given by the Temple Band. The Cadets were delighted to evince their feeling by rising "en masse." Then came the interesting speeches of the Training College Staff.

Adj. Smith declared his equal delight at the outgoing of an old batch and the incoming of a new one, and wound up with some pointed remarks describing the low ideal of life indulged by many who seem to content themselves with eating, drinking, and pleasure-seeking.

Before Capt. N. Coombs spoke the Temple Songsters sang appropriately with fine effect. The Captain's talk was a treat to listen to, and deserves greater length than this summary can pretend to give. It began with the quotation: "Life is as much or as little as each man cares to make it," from which a telling portraiture was drawn.

Brigadier Taylor followed in his own forceful style, sandwiching between mighty truths an interesting tabular statement of some of the Cadets' practical work during their course of training.

In addition to the comprehensive studies on fundamental principles, doctrines, regulations, and the Bible itself, they have spent some 948 hours in house-to-house visitation, calling at 5,773 separate dwellings; 1,838 visits to saloons; 170 public meetings; collected \$1,200 for Self-Denial, and SOLD 25,000 COPIES OF THE WAR CRY. These facts elicited a clap, and after that the gratuitous advice, "Go and work," is certainly wasted!

The Commissioner's Address.

Our beloved leader's inspiring message to the Cadets deserves printing in full. We should like to see a copy of it framed for every Cadet's possession! Based upon the text in Deut. vi. 12: "Beware lest thou forget the Lord," it was at once full of warning, advice, counsel, and encouragement, and probably as much needed by the hearers in front of him, as the Cadets behind.

After each Cadet had answered his or her promotion with the salute, and received intelligence of their post assigned, the meeting resolved into a solemn consecration service and appeal for volunteers for officership. Some eight were registered, but only heaven knew the record of the number of vows renewed and surrenders made.



A Closing Scene in the Session.

The Cadets of the Training College in national costumes, representing the Army's labors in forty countries, with T. H. Staff in centre of group.

THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS

At the Marriage Ceremony of Commissioner Booth-Tucker and
Lieut.-Colonel Mary Reid.

My Dear Comrades and Friends,—

The occasion that has brought us together cannot but be one of some little concern to us all. A wedding is, for obvious reasons, ever an event of more than ordinary interest.

When it happens to be a Salvation Army wedding, this is more particularly the case, because, in addition to the temporal and spiritual well-being of the parties concerned, it boldly professes to be undertaken with the view of promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God.

The particular ceremony in which we are about to engage has, I think, a still further interest to most of us who are present.

This will apply to the personal relatives of the parties entering on this new relationship. The natural ties existing between them must compel the desire that the union should be helpful to the happiness and well-being of those with whom they are related.

This interest will be specially felt, I am sure, by the officers of the Salvation Army, who claim to be not only personal friends, but loving comrades of the parties about to enter on this union.

The bride and bridegroom are of long-tried and loyal standing in the Army. By dint of earnest toil, ability of a high order, and self-sacrificing devotion, they have both been eminently successful in their various commands, and have thereby reached the pro-

minent and honorable places they occupy in our ranks, and the affectionate position they hold in our hearts.

Several special circumstances have, however, led him to seek the present union, and made it appear to be, I think, not only admissible, but commendable. Among other things, there is the family of six dear little children, of more than ordinary energy and ability, calling for firm, intelligent, and affectionate care.

The position of all but world-wide activity which the Commissioner has been called to fill, compels him to be even on the wing, and prevents his affording all the constant and efficient oversight they require.

I am glad to know that the highest interests of these children for earth and heaven are being sought with tender and untiring toil by a devoted officer, who has watched over them from the time they entered into the world. But, nevertheless, the further care of a firm, authoritative motherly hand seems to be very desirable to their being nurtured and trained for the lives of holiness and usefulness which their General, in common with their father, has set his heart upon their reaching in the Army and the world.

God's Benediction.

The personal love of the bride for my dear daughter, and her ambition to minister to the welfare of the Consul's beloved children, seem to go far to qualify her for taking her place, so far as a mother's place can be occupied by another.

This consideration, combined with the per-

sonal conviction of our comrades that this is God's way for them, the affectionate regard with which they have been mutually inspired, and their deep and earnest desire to make the marriage promotive not only of their own happiness and the well-being of the precious children, but of the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord, justifies me not only in giving my consent, but in entertaining the belief that the union is of God, and to feel that they are marrying in the Lord, and may, therefore, expect His benediction upon their hearts, their home, and their future work.

At a private luncheon in the Young People's Hall, the General reiterated the good wishes of all present for the welfare of the bride and bridegroom, and expressed his own and the Army's pleasure at seeing so many friends and relatives belonging to Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

The Four Ps.

When Commissioner Booth-Tucker was on a visit to Canada, he visited the Cadets in Training at that time, and left four words with them to remember. They were—

1.—Pray.

If we cease to pray we commence to die spiritually. Pray without ceasing. Have an interview with God early every morning, and so be prepared to meet the enemy. Cares and trials will come during the day, and Satan will take advantage of us unless we are armed with the mind of Christ. He will seek to destroy our peace, to quench our love for God and souls, to meddle with our joy, and rob us of our faith. Pray for strength sufficient to resist. Renew your strength constantly. Morning, noon, and night did David call upon the Lord, and sometimes got up at midnight to pray. All our victories are won by prayer.

2.—Praise.

Praise is the result of prevailing prayer. No one who prays constantly and earnestly will wear a long face over his troubles. With the glorious consciousness of the divine favor and presence in his heart he must shout "Hallelujah!" all the time, and praise God continually for His mercies. True, he will often weep and mourn over the spiritual barrenness of others, and the sins of the world will well nigh break his heart at times, but the glad song of resurrection life with Christ will rise above all else, and cause him to walk and weep and sing within the light of heaven, and he will rejoice evermore that he is privileged to bear such a precious burden as that of souls.

3.—Preach.

The praying and praising Christian will preach a sermon by his life more effectively than the most eloquent orator. He will not be backward with his tongue either. He will always have something that will convict the sinner, and make him feel that heaven and hell and judgment are real things. A dry testimony will be impossible to him, for his heart will be aflame with holy love, and he will pour out upon the people utterances inspired by God, the Holy Ghost.

4.—Practice.

He will preach to himself as well as to his hearers, and whatever God reveals to him he will put into actual practice. The word of God will thus become a part of his life, and he will be enabled to say with Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

John Wesley has defined "the witness of the Spirit." By the testimony of the Spirit, I mean an inward impression on the soul whereby the Spirit of God immediately and directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God, that Jesus Christ hath loved me and given Himself for me, that all my sins are blotted out, and I—even I—am reconciled to God. Later he said, "After twenty years further consideration, I see no cause to retract any part of this." May we all have this "witness of the Spirit" continually.



Commissioner Booth-Tucker.



Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

GEORGE FOX,

THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XVIII.

Prison and Judgment.

"The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord."—Psalm xxxvii. 23.

George only stayed in Bristol until after the fair. When it was over, he and Margaret spent some time in London. Here he found plenty of work for a little season, refuting several libellous books that had been circulated round the metropolis. After this was done, George felt he was "clear" of the city, and began a journey northwards. He and his party reached a town in Worcestershire, when the knowledge came upon him that soon he would have to suffer imprisonment again. He confided this presentiment to nobody, but at once made arrangements for Margaret and the women of the party to go on to Swarthmore. Poor Margaret was very unwilling to go, but all her objections were overruled, and she went.

A few days later, George and Thomas Lower, a son-in-law of Margaret's, were arrested as they sat resting in a friend's house after holding a meeting. They were carried at once to Worcester jail. From the jail George wrote the following letter to his wife:

"Dear Heart,—Thou seemest to be a little grieved when I was speaking of prisons and when I was taken. Be content with the will of the Lord God. For when I was at John Rous', at Kingston, I had a sight of my being taken; prisoner; and when I was at Bray Dooley's, in Oxfordshire, as I sat at supper, I saw that I was taken, and I saw I had a suffering to undergo. But the Lord's name is over all, blessed be His holy name forever!—G. F."

In none of his writings do we ever read that his heart and flesh failed him when, again and again, he was brought up short against a prison wall. He seems to have been sure that prison was as much God's will for him as liberty for others, and that He was "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." George was not a man who thought much about himself. His motto was always, to the day of his death, "God first." His feelings and preferences were kept so much in abeyance that sometimes one doubts if he had any, apart from the daily happenings of his life, which were taken by him as good, because they came from the hand of the Lord.

After he and Thomas had lain for some time in jail, they wrote a full account of their arrest to the lord mayor of the town. They told how they had been traveling homewards, and were sitting in the house of a friend: talking sociably, when Henry Parker, a justice, and Rowland Hans, a clergyman, came in and arrested them. They were sent to prison, because complaints had been made to the justice "of several big past meetings of many hundreds at a time!" George also explained to the mayor that in the warrant the justice said in one place no satisfactory account of their settlement or place of habitation appeared to him, and then, a little further on, gives their addresses!

No notice whatever was taken of this letter. Thomas Lower's brother, who was a physician to the King, got a letter from Henry Saville, a younger brother of the mayor of Worcester, that would have given him his pardon had he taken advantage of it. But as

no mention was made of George, Thomas would not leave him, so they stayed together till the sessions opened and they were called to appear before Justice Parker.

The justice seemed at a loss how to begin, and there was an awkward silence in the court, which was broken by a man who shouted to the justice to know:

"Are ye afraid? Dare not the justices speak to them?"

Thus adjured, Justice Parker made a long speech, and accused the prisoners of having broken the common laws.

Lower was examined at great length. Parker made a strong point of the fact that there were Quakers from London, Bristol, Cornwall, and the North, in the house when they were arrested. He looked rather foolish when it was explained that these people were all of one family and related to each other!

The justices whispered together a little, and then tendered George the oath. Patiently and clearly, George went over all the old ground and explained his position and that of the Quakers in respect to the oath. He would be more than willing to take that of supremacy and allegiance, for "he acknowledged the king and abhorred all plots against him." But it was no use. He was ordered back to prison. Thomas Lower they dismissed, saying they had nothing against him; but Thomas was not so easily disposed of.

"Why," he demanded, "if I am discharged, should you detain my father?" George was not really his father. If he was any relation at all, it must have been that of stepfather-in-law. But most of Margaret's children and children-in-law loved George very affectionately, and would gladly have suffered in his stead any time.

"If you are not content," said the chairman, "we will tender you the oath also, and send you to your 'father'!"

Current News from all Quarters.

The call to the eternal world has come to several prominent personages recently. Mr. Seddon, of New Zealand, and Bishop Bickersteth, of England, the author of that lovely poem which has breathed consolation to so many bereaved hearts, of which one stanza reads—

"Peace, perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours;

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers."

The Bishop was permitted to attain the ripe age of 81 years, after an active and worthy evangelical career.

The latest public man to answer the summons is Sir Wilfred Lawson, the famous temperance advocate and statesman. His call was sudden, few people knowing anything of his illness. The late Baronet always had a good word to say for the Army and the General. He once said to a Staff Officer: "If the churches would adopt the Army's plank on the temperance question—every member being a total abstainer—it would solve itself. We could then spare Parliament the time to discuss other and less important matters," he added.

The recent appalling accident by night to the special American boat express, traveling from Plymouth to London, has filled many hearts and homes with sorrow on both sides of the ocean. Elsewhere we reprint a brief ode in memory of the Rev. Mr. King, clergyman, of Toronto, whose dying breath was a prayer for the stricken around him.

A number of Salvation Army soldiers of the Salisbury corps were among those who were quickly on the scene affording what relief they could to the wounded, and assisting in the work of rescue.

The military authorities of Russia have just issued the final statistics respecting the losses of the Russian armies during the regrettable war with Japan. The figures read as follows: Killed, 21,187 men; wounded, 115,885 men;

missing, 37,497 men; prisoners, 53,897 men. What a ghastly, costly thing is war!

We were delighted to note the important mandement issued recently by the Bishop of Joliette on temperance. Amongst other things the Bishop decrees that after two warnings the names of parishioners who continue to frequent the bar-rooms are to be struck off.

He calls upon municipal councils for a less passive attitude towards the drink traffic, and for more tardy disposal of licenses.

Japanese News.

Enthusiastic Launch of S.-D.

Latest reports from Tokio indicate that our soldiers and the public have entered enthusiastically into their Self-Denial Effort.

The Prison Gate Home, for instance, secured its target on the first day of the effort.

When the effort commenced, the "Shin-Koron," a magazine for progressive Buddhists, printed an article describing the objects, methods, and success of the Army's annual Self-Denial Week throughout the world.

"What could not Buddhism do if we could only get going on these lines," says the writer, sorrowfully, referring to the apathy of his co-religionists.

Opening of a New Citadel Preceded by an Impressive March.

In a letter just received describing the comrades' first meeting in their recently-secured Citadel at Nagoya, Japan, Capt. Harrington writes: "Our hall is finished, and looks really lovely. The seats were not all ready, but six were delivered yesterday, so we had our first meeting last night.

"Although you are used to strange sights, yet you would be compelled to laugh if you had seen our procession.

"A policeman who heard us a few days ago in the open-air, and afterwards came to the quarters and got converted, went first with a lantern. Following him, and carrying the flag, was the Sergeant-Major of a neighboring corps, who happened to be visiting the city. Then came Capt. Kono with an accordion, which he pulled in and out most vigorously, and which was occasionally in the same key as the singing.

"A medical student who has just been converted, my interpreter and I brought up the rear. It was a good march, with several halts to invite the folks to the meeting. We had a nice number in, who seemed most anxious to listen; but, of course, our six seats were not much good."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Down the street came a wagon, loaded with meat and drawn by a well-rounded, well-fed little mare. Her steps became slower and slower, and finally, in the middle of the car tracks, she stopped.

"Git up," said the driver, "git up, Jenny!" But Jenny only turned appealing eyes toward the man on the seat.

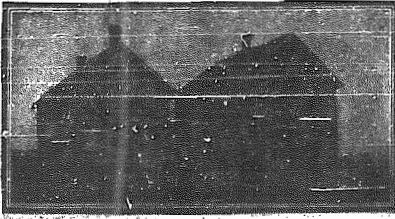
Behind him came the shouts and oaths of other drivers.

"Poor Jenny, poor little horse!" said the big, dirty man, "Is she all tired out?"

At the sound of his voice the little horse sighed a sigh of tired appreciation.

"Never mind," he went on soothingly, as he scrambled down off his seat and took her by the bridle. "We'll go right out to the side here and rest a bit," and he led her away from the crowd and stood patting her well-curried sides, while she rubbed her nose against his face.

The other drivers moved on, then turned and looked. Some of them smiled; others replaced the whips which had been taken from their sockets to hurry their own horses after the delay.—Ex.



Homestead in Western Canada.
(Courtesy of C.P.R. System.)

Be Brave, Comrade!

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Barrie.

Stephen, the first martyr, was brave. The Bible does not say so; Stephen's actions proved it. It is not always necessary to tell to others that people have this characteristic. Their words and actions demonstrate it. Stephen was not satisfied only to "serve tables." His soul was on fire. When he saw an opportunity, he embraced it. When the crowds were exercised over the new religion—the, to them, strange doctrine of the cross and resurrection—and questioned him, he did not argue in this way: "My special work is not to preach, but to look after the poor, and see that they are well fed and clothed." No, no! He fearlessly faced the enemies of the cross, and boldly declared the whole truth unflinchingly, sealing his testimony with his blood, never shrinking when pain and suffering was the price he had to pay, and to die as his Lord died, the penalty of his preaching. Courage has been the backbone of all noble endeavor. The history of the world's battlefields is full of deeds of valor, men and women daring to suffer and sacrifice anything for country and cause.

Courage has been the arm that has wielded many victorious swords, and achieved many wonderful triumphs.

"Steady, men! Every one must die where he stands," said Colin Campbell to the 93rd Highlanders at Balaklava, as an overwhelming force of Russian Cavalry came sweeping down.

"Ay, ay! Sir Colin, we'll do that," came the response from the men, many of them kept their word by obeying.

"That's a brave man," said Washington, when he saw a soldier turn pale, as he marched against a battery, "he knows his danger, and faces it." Courage in danger is half the battle fought.

"It is impossible," an officer once said to Napoleon.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "Impossible is the adjective of fools."

Emerson says, "The hero is the man who is unmoveably centred."

"Storms may howl around him,
Foes may hunt and wound him.
Shall they overpower thee?
Never, never, never!"

The annals of the church of God are rich in examples of daring. From the first martyr, Stephen, to the last martyred Armenian who could fearlessly stand before his oppressor and declare, "I can die, but I cannot deny." Our souls have been stirred with admiration as we have read of James' courage in dying on the steps of the Temple; of Paul's courage; the hundreds torn to death in Nero's garden; or torn limb from limb in his arena; or of Martin Luther when people stormed about him in that grand old German city: or General Coligny trampled to death with St. Bartholomew's thousands on France's dark day, after serving his country well; or hundreds of others in Smithfield's fires or prison cells; of the holy courage which is born of a living truth in our principles. Beloved, the day of bloodshed, rack, and torture may have passed, but the world wants brave men and women—men and women who will not be silenced or awed by public opinion, custom, formality, or any other influence, but who will, regardless of consequences to themselves, face sin, expose evil, root out iniquity. What this 20th century needs is people of Knox's courage, who will dare to tell the truth with a musket levelled towards them, or the spirit of a Luther, who exclaimed, at the Diet of Worms, when facing his foes, "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise." People who have an unswerving allegiance to their convictions.

Do you say, "I am weak, timid, naturally fearful?" Cultivate the fraction of courage you have to the utmost degree.

"Your Grace has not the organ of courage

largely developed," a phrenologist told the noble Iron Duke.

"No," replied Wellington; "and but for my sense of duty I should have retreated from my first fight."

Notice and Warning.

From the American Cry we clip the following:—

"On the night of Saturday, June 16th, during meeting time, a man in full Staff-Captain's uniform visited the quarters of Adj. Main, in Pittsburg, Pa. He told the old lady who is taking charge of the Adjutant's two children that he had been taken suddenly sick down town, and that he wanted to see them immediately before he was taken to the hospital. He even assisted her to dress them and took her to the car, sending her to another part of the city. She, being a stranger, got lost and wandered around for some time until the Sium Captain found her and brought her and the children to the Army hall at 10.30 p.m. The fellow returned the quarters as soon as she got on the car, and took all the available cash, the Adjutant's uniform coat and cap, suit case, and a large list of articles. The same day the Industrial Home and other places were visited. The Staff-Captain's epaulettes were stolen from the Industrial Home. The thief is a small man, about 125 pounds weight, dark hair, near-sighted. He had on a dark moustache, thought to be a false one, a staff cap, and Staff-Captain's scars, etc. The cap he stole from Adj. Main was a white summer cap, new, with one star in front."

This is very probably the same individual, who has been busy on similar errands at several Canadian officers' quarters, notably at the quarters of Capt. McPetrick, of Lisgar St., corps, elsewhere spoken of in this issue.

If any comrade gets a clue to his whereabouts, they should immediately communicate the intelligence by telegram to the Commissioner, at Albert St., Toronto. In the meantime let everybody be on guard and keep your eyes open.

THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick of the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will be nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills for my climbing,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appointed my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know, in His Word, He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never harm such,
Whene'er he would lay hands upon me,
My Saviour forbids him to touch.
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the city of unending day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Shall appear plain and clear as the day,
Oh, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

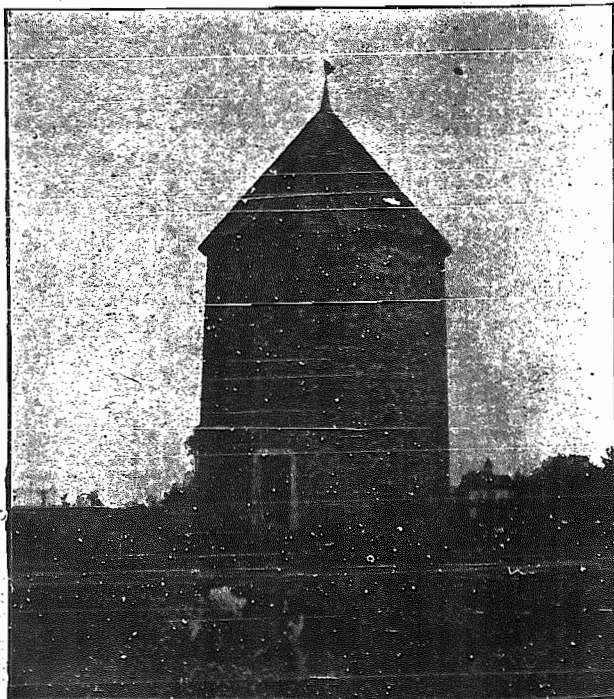
What though I am foot-sore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said, "Come."
So when I am weary in body,
And sinking in spirit, I say:
"All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way."

Cooling fountains are there for the weary,
And cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any our fancy can paint.
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking oft through each wearisome day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

—Composed by a lady who was a confirmed invalid nearly all her life.

The largest artificial harbor in the world is that at Alexandria.

At home and abroad the Army has thirty-six Children's Homes.



Old Windmill Fort, Vaudreuil, Quebec. (Grand Trunk Railway System.)

CORPS BULLETINS

BLLENHEIM. An ice cream social was held on Wednesday, and Captain Hore, with some comrades from Ridgeway, came over to help us. Over \$12 was realized, and a very enjoyable time was spent.—Ina Groom.

BLACK ISLAND. Lieut. Koeplin has farewelled. For ten months his godly life has been a blessing to us. We have had good times together, and the joy of seeing many souls coming to Christ.

BRANTFORD. One young man sought League of Mercy Work. Salvation on Saturday night. Two more came to God during the day. Sergt. and Mrs. Wilbee have left us for the States. They were active members of the corps, and were engaged in the League of Mercy and Junior work. The League of Mercy has been re-organized and Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Tindall are amongst the new members. The League is expected to be a very important branch of our work here now. Sergt. Mrs. Harding is appointed Sergeant-Major.—Kendall.

BURIN. Cadet Inkpen has farewelled for the Seven Souls. Training Home, and many prayers follow her. On the 20th Lieut. Spencer said good-bye, and the following Sunday Captain Ridout bade farewell to us. Capt. Sexton is our leader, and in his welcome meeting seven souls came out for salvation.—Jessie Inkpen.

CHARLOTTETOWN. One soul came to Christ on June 25th. On Friday we had Ensign and Mrs. Smallbriggs, of the American war, to help us at Camp Brighton, where the volunteers are. We had special music and a good time. On our arrival back at the barracks we found our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Forsey, awaiting us. Sunday was a good day. Capt. Forsey is a musician of many parts, and he and his good partner have caught on. During the past three weeks Corps-Cadet Bertha Large has sold out the War Cry's almost single-handed. Good! Lieut. Smith has come back to his corps. We were glad to have his help and note his growth in power. Three more souls during the week and two more after the close of to-night's meeting. The Junior picnic is reported in the Y. S.—H.

COTTLE'S COVE. Ensign and Mrs. Brace came off to training. down to hold very special meetings one week-end. On Saturday night Mrs. Brace spoke about our work in India, and the Ensign followed with an account of our progress in Great Britain. It was very interesting. Sunday was a day of great blessing. On Thursday Cadet I. de Moors said good-bye to us. She has gone to the Training Home, and our prayers follow her.—C. Fack.

HAMILTON, BER. It had been proposed by one of two soldiers of the Hamilton corps that we should give the departing officers a surprise before they left the island. The scheme was greatly approved by all, and each comrade seemed willing to do their very best to make the thing a success. Sisters Ethel and Mabel G. Genslade arranged with the officers to take tea that evening with them at the Bermuda Catering Co. En route to the Catering Co. they passed along by the hall, and as soon as they approached the door the comrades on the platform, who had been awaiting their arrival, stood to their feet and the band played then in. When they entered the door and saw the ladies in their white robes, they afterwards confessed that this was the greatest surprise that they had ever met in their lives. Uncle Trott, one of the Army's staunch friends, occupied the chair. A good program was given afterwards and all enjoyed themselves.

INGERSOLL. The London band was invited to be present at the 23rd anniversary of Ingersoll corps, and with great pleasure they accepted the invitation. An excellent concert was given by the visitors on Saturday night. On Sunday the crowds were good, and the financial results splendid. One soul surrendered. A grand wind-up took place on Monday, when a musical festival was given by the band. The meetings were ably conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave.

KINGSVILLE. Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell have said farewell. Good meetings all day. Sunday, and one soul in the fountain. On July 1st we had our annual picnic. Lieut. Simpson, from Stratford, has come to work amongst us for a while, and much blessing was experienced in the welcome meetings. On Sunday two souls sought Christ.

NEW GLASGOW. Adjutant and Mrs. Cooper and Three Souls. Lieut. Gilmison have farewelled, and we have welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Piercey and Capt. Reeves to our corps. The soldiers rallied round and the soul-saving work received considerable impetus. Three souls knelt at the mercy seat.—B. M. Geo. Smith.

OTTAWA I. Brigadier Turner came down for the Ten Souls. week-end, and a real red-hot holiness meeting was held on Sunday morning. In the open-air meeting at night a poor sin-stained soul walked into the ring and knelt at the drum-head. This aroused a great deal of interest among the crowd, and one young man remarked, "I wish I had the courage that he had." A grand salvation meeting followed, during which four recruits were enrolled. Lieut. Morris has arrived to assist Adj. and Mrs. Crichton in the work here. A warm welcome was accorded her. Ten souls have sought the Saviour since our last report.—French.

PARLIAMENT ST. Two new Corps-Cadets were enrolled last week, and on Wednesday night Corps-Cadets Pettigrew, Meader, and Honeychurch led the meeting for the first time. The presence of God was very much felt, and four souls were won for Christ. The week-end meetings have been times of blessing. One poor fellow came to the mercy seat on Saturday night. He had been there many times before, but we welcomed him again and prayed that God would give him grace to withstand temptation. On Sunday afternoon a good open-air meeting was conducted at Riverdale Park. Some good red-hot testimonies were poured into the crowd and we believe there was a great deal of conviction felt amongst the unsaved. At night a little boy led the way to the penitent form, followed by a backslider, who wept out his tale of sorrow to the Saviour and received a pardon. An old lady came out also at the end of the meeting, and promised to do her



Mrs. Capt. Kerswell and Mrs. Jones, War Cry Doormen, of Kingsville, Ont.

duty more faithfully in the future. The soldiers are a praying and believing band, zealous for the extension of God's Kingdom, and the corps is bound to win. Our officers are farewelling, after twelve months' toil.

PRINCE ALBERT. Nine Meetings. Ten Souls.

Our new officers, Adj. Scott and Lieut. Morris, have already firmly established themselves in the hearts of the people. God's gracious presence is manifest at the meetings, crowds are growing, and souls are being saved. Yesterday was a day of rejoicing. Nine meetings were held during the day, and ten souls surrendered to the claims of God and are, we believe, rejoicing with a new-found joy. We had also some fine cases during the week. Comrades are cheered by these tokens of God's approval, and we fully expect to see a continuation of the blessing now vouchsafed.—John H. Wilson.

STRATFORD. A number of new comrades joined us recently. A bonny Scott, and a jolly Jack Tar are amongst the number. Lieut. Simpson has farewelled from us after a two months' stay.—One of them.

SUMMERSIDE. The wife of Bro. Shepherd arrived here, and we believe she is a good blood-and-fire soldier. On May 31st Ensign Campbell gave us a good lantern service, which was much appreciated. Bro. Cudmore, of Winslow Road, was with us last Sunday, and last Thursday Sisters Tanton and Hinton led the meeting. Everything

went with a swing, and the power of God was felt. Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Muttart have gone on a much-needed vacation.—Ava Wilson.

Round About St. John, N.B.

By Burning Bush.

Whilst the writer was away on the King's business the whole city corps—yes, even the Rescue Home—changed officers.

Ensign and Mrs. Cornish, the new officers for No. 1, corps, assisted by Capt. Ernest Palle, are getting down to business. Someone was heard to say that the Ensign "would surely burst his jugular vein." After all, the old-time enthusiasm is as good as ever—it draws the crowds, it wins souls.

Bandmaster Frank Lane, a veteran of many years, has been laid aside for some time through sickness, but we expect soon to see him in his usual place. May God grant it.

One soul professed salvation on Sunday evening. We are advancing at No. 1. Some real fighting and victories won.

No. 11, has been favored by getting an old and tried warrior, Capt. Lebanc, assisted by Capt. Dalzell. They are doing good work.

Adj. Cave, from H. Q., led the united meeting these days, and the open-air forces divided and led two rattling meetings. The collections at each trebled the ordinary single stand on the corner. The inside meeting showed evidence of fresh interest. No lack of duets and solos, and the testimonies given had some "snap" about them. Ensign Cornish read from the Bible and gave a very interesting talk.

No. 111, can no doubt look forward to a successful term. Capt. and Mrs. Tom Urquhart from St. John's, New Brunswick, are leading them on. Both the Captain and his good wife are first-class musicians. The Captain is not a stranger around these parts, for in his young days he did good service at P.H.Q., and has traveled the Province over and over in musical troops, until he wore his clothes threadbare, and then got married, which he reckoned was a leveled crown to all his labors. They are in for doing some hot fighting at No. 111. Seven souls is the result so far.

No. V, as usual has no trouble to get large crowds. Capt. Emery and Lieut. Morris are making the best use of their time. On Sunday nine souls cried to God for salvation. The Captain's musical abilities will prove of good service here.

Carleton. Capt. Brace, who was transferred from No. 11, to Carleton, assisted by Lieut. McLean, is nobly following up the good work done by Captain Fred White and Lieut. Taylor. In addition to this the Captain has the oversight of the Fairville corps, and will no doubt be able to give a good account of the work on the west side.

Rescue Home. Adj. Broster, the new Matron of the Rescue Home, and the two new Ensigns, Mully and Dunster, are getting settled in their work. Certain developments are making the Adjutant's face shine. "Wait till the clouds roll by."

Metropole. Adj. and Mrs. Bowring are keeping things astir here. B. B. heard the Adjutant answering a telephone message—"All filled up." These are words which make life happy.

The Adjutant is also appointed Police Court Officer, and regularly holds meetings in the County Jail. The prisoners are glad to see him. Last Sunday four men held up their hands to be prayed for. A few weeks ago one young fellow got saved and was let out on suspended sentence. The Adjutant got him a job of work, and he is doing well.

Capt. Speck looks well after the Shelter portion of the institution.

Provincial Headquarters. The P. O. is a busy man. He is at present in the Cape Breton District, and will open the new Citadel recently purchased at North Sydney.

The Chancellor, accompanied by Capt. Ritchie, after assisting the Colonel at North Sydney, will spend two weeks around that District.

Adj. Cave, our Financial Secretary, of late has had his hands full, but systematic plodding has kept the decks clear.

Ensign Freeman, the Building Special, has recently done repairs to Windsor barracks, and made some alterations to the new property at North Sydney. He is at present at Liverpool repairing the barracks there. The Ensign is a man who knows his work, and does it for the glory of God in a very satisfactory manner.

The Tailoring Department, under the management of Ensign Fleming, is "choke-a-block" with orders, which goes to show the durability of our suits. More power to the Department.

New G. B. M. Agents. This time a "double header." Capt. Cavender and White will until further notice travel together with lantern and trade. Digby is their starting place. God bless you, kids. Push the cause of Lazarus and the Trade, then come home and get your reward. Advance is our watchword.

A Garden Party

In the Interests of the Rescue Work at Halifax.

The Annual Garden Party of the Rescue Home and Children's Shelter is becoming very popular. Staff-Captain Holman, who is the originator, with her assistants in the Home and the city officers, had for days before been making preparations for a good thing this year. Thursday was an ideal evening from every point of view. Our beloved P. O. Colonel Sharp, came from Headquarters for the purpose of conducting this very interesting entertainment. The comrades vied with each other to make it a success. Secretary John Vincent, of the No. II corps, loaned the screening for the front and acted as gate-keeper.

Messrs. Farquhar Bros. kindly put in, free of charge, a large electric light in the centre of the spacious lawn, which lit up the whole place magnificently. The Rev. Mr. Jenner, of the North Baptist Church, loaned the seats.

In the centre could be seen Adj. Thompson sitting by a large pot, hung up between the trees. The pot was filled with prize packages, which sold readily.

Ensign Parsons carried a big two-gallon bottle around, selling lemonade; Capt. Ogilvie sold bananas; Capt. Hargrove, peanuts, 5-a-bag; Mr. Hargrove, candy; Mrs. Casbin and Mrs. Desjardis, ice cream; Mrs. Adj. Thompson and Mrs. Capt. Ogilvie, tea, coffee, cake, and sandwiches—in fact, it was a real live of industry.

Besides this a large program was put through by the Colonel. After the opening addresses Captain Ogilvie was called from his banana stand to sing a solo. Then the Rev. D. K. Smith, father of bandmaster Smith, of No. 1, got into the ring by invitation of the Colonel, and gave a real live talk on God's saving grace. He expressed a desire to see the Army go ahead as never before, and hoped his son would prove a worthy follower of the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

After a selection by No. 1 brass band, the Rev. C. F. Coffin, of Amherst, spoke. Being one of the finest banjo-players on the American continent, he gave us two or three selections. The first was "Home, Sweet Home," with variations. The crowd forgot all else while he played a march, and excitement rose high as he started to toss the banjo over his head, behind his back, topsy-turvy, etc., and still the music came out of it. He finished up by giving a selection of a full brass band on a guitar.

At this juncture the Colonel dedicated "Yule Star," the infant daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Parsons, to God and the Army.

It was a pretty sight; all around among the huge trees hung different colored lights, and the arc light shone down upon the party as they knelt upon the green grass. The Colonel prayed and gave that darling child to God for service, under the folds of the tri-colored flag of the Army. It was a picture more beautiful than my pen can describe.

A few more songs and recitations by different comrades, and Staff-Captain Holman, who was feeling pretty good over the success of the Garden Party, thanked all concerned for their help, and invited them all back next year.

The No. 1 brass band, under the leadership of Bro. Heiser, did good service, and stayed no desire to rest of their ears. At 10.30 they played "God save the King," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The Colonel then prayed and closed one of the best times yet.—Burning Bush.

Lisgar Street Corps' Moonlight Trip.

Calm Waters and Fine Music.

A dense crowd was gathered on the wharf on the night of the Turbina's trip to Hamilton under Salvation Army auspices. They swayed to and fro and struggled to get in through the gates as the time approached for the boat to start, and when all were on board the decks were filled with a mixed crowd of about 1,700 people. Commanding amongst the Army people were Lieut-Colonel Pugmire, Brigadier Major Morris, and Staff-Capt. Manton, McLean, and Attwell. The Lisgar St. Band entertained the crowd with music on the way over, and the Temple Songsters sang several times in the steamer's saloon.

It was an ideal night for such a trip, the water was beautifully calm, and the cool breeze was just sufficient to keep things comfortable. A large crowd was waiting on the Hamilton side to see the boat come in, but after a stop of a few minutes only she was started off for Toronto again. By this time the moon had risen, and now shone brightly over the lake, and as the Turbina glided swiftly over the water, naught was heard but the confused hum of conversation and a snatch of song now and again from some of the vocal ones. Toronto was reached at 2.30 a.m., and the hundreds of moonlighters were soon speeding to their various homes.

Meanwhile a mean and rascally trick had been played by some scoundrel on the wife of Capt. McPetrick, the officer at Lisgar St. Dressed in an Adjutant's uniform, some man called at the quarters, and giving a fictitious name, had won the confidence of Mrs. McPetrick by his honeyed talk, which displayed great familiarity with the Salvation Army.

About midnight he was back again, this time with a faked telegram, saying that the Turbina had met with an accident—boilers burst, many killed, and Capt. McPetrick dangerously injured. Send two doctors and ambulances at once to meet steamer.

Mrs. McPetrick was much alarmed, and the supposed Adjutant offered to accompany her to the wharf. At the corner of Queen and Bathurst he said that he ought to tell some other officers of the Army about the accident and secure their aid. He then left the car.

Proceeding back to the house he told the girl there that she was needed by Mrs. McPetrick, and had better go at once and take the two children. Having now cleared the house he set to work ransacking the place. Fortunately the Captain had taken most of the money with him, and had settled up with the steamboat company, so the thief only secured twenty-eight dollars.

Information was given to the police, and two persons were arrested on suspicion the next day.

WORLD'S OLDEST CITY.

What Damascus Has Done for Us.

The oldest city in the world is Damascus. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an Isle of verdure in the desert; it is a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street



Sergt-Major Brooke, with Wife and Family, Peterboro.

The S.-M. has been a soldier for eighteen years, and a bandsman for fifteen years.

which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city.

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with veins and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, bureaux, and swords are ornamented.

WORTH KNOWING.

The morning hour has gold in its mouth. Many flowers shed their fragrance at night only. One hundred and six boys are born to every hundred girls.

It takes a bee several years to gather a pound of honey. Diamonds can be black, blue, brown, green, orange, pink, red, or yellow, as well as white.

An American proposes to go in search of the South Pole by a specially-designed automobile.

A huge cave in Kentucky, 160 feet high and covering ten acres, has been entirely honeycombed by bees.

According to latest returns the finger-print method of detection has resulted in over five thousand identifications.

The largest spinning mill in the world has just been erected at Bolton. It contains no fewer than 220,000 spindles.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER OSMOND, OF JACKSON'S COVE.

Another warrior has been called home to receive his reward. Alfred Osmond had attained the age of 69 years when the call came. He gave his life to God some years ago, in the Army, and up to the time he was taken ill he attended the meetings, when possible, and witnessed to the saving and keeping power of God.

His testimony was clear and distinct up to the last moment, and when the summons came his soul was ready to leave the instrument of clay and enter its flight to the mansions above, where pain and sickness never come. He leaves a wife, four sons, and four daughters to mourn the loss of a kind father. His home was ever open to friends and strangers alike, and whoever came his way found in him a friend to help.

His remains were laid to rest in the Methodist Cemetery. The Orange Society, of which he was a member, and their ladies tribute of respect to their departed brother by forming in procession and marching from the house to the graveyard, where they took part in the burial service. May God bless the bereaved ones, and may those who are unprepared for heaven decide to turn unto God.—L. Shears, Lieut.

HE PRAYED FOR OTHERS.

(When Rev. Mr. King was dying in the midst of the awful railway wreck in England he continued to pray for those around him with his last breath.)

We pray for ourselves, for selfishness
Ever and their feeble smotherers.
If thou wouldst feel an angel's soft caress,
Then pray for others.

This hero thought not of himself, but unafraid
Among his mangled brothers,
He lifted up his feeble voice and prayed
To God for others.

This man had followed Jesus, his mission high,
His love was truthful, tender, like a mother's,
And, like his Jesus, when he came to die,
He thought of others. —The Khan



To Launder Colored Cottons.

Make a strong suds with dissolved soap and warm water. Have ready, in two tins, cold water for rinsing. Put one or two articles at a time in the suds and wash quickly, then put in the rinsing water. Continue this until all are washed, then rinse well and starch. The starch must be cold. Hang in the shade to dry. If the colored articles are badly soiled, or there is fear of the colors running, soak them in cold water and salt. Allow half a cupful of salt to two gallons of water.

Dark cotton goods should be washed in starch. Make the starch with one cupful of flour, one pint of cold water, and three quarts of boiling water and strain. To two quarts and a half of starch, add two gallons of warm water. Wash the articles in this mixture the same as if it were suds. Wash a second time in a mixture of one pint of starch and two gallons of warm water. Rinse in cold water, and hang out to dry. Garments washed in this way will not need more starch.

Strong soap or alkalis, like soda, ammonia, Javel water, etc., injure colors. Heat fades and dulls colors, therefore the same must never be hot.

If the colors have a tendency to fade or run, put salt in the rinsing water.

Have the garments turned wrong side out, and dry as quickly as possible.

If the washing machine is used, several garments may be put into the suds at the same time. Ammonia softens and cleanses wool, but has a tendency to make white goods yellow.

Bees clean, softens and whitens woolens. Do not dry damasks near a hot stove or register.

Mildly Measures.

Here are handy measures which have been tested: Six tablespoonfuls—one small teacupful, One small teacupful—one gill. One small teacupful—half pint. One egg—dry substance—one tablespoonful. One egg—butter—two tablespoonfuls.

To Sweeten Rancid Butter.

Rancid butter may be restored, or at all events greatly improved, by melting it with some fresh butter and passing it through animal charcoal (which has been thoroughly freed from dust by stirring in a water bath, and then straining it through a fine flannel). A better and less troublesome method is to well wash the butter with some good milk, and next with cold spring water. Butcher's butter, the presence of which rancidity depends, is soluble in fresh milk.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

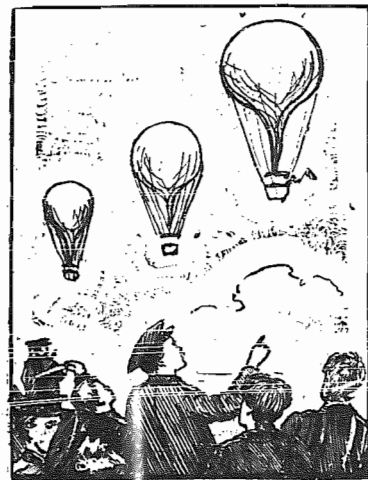
'Tis mighty, pleased wid ye, bruders! Ye'se a-doin' well. De Cisen-lair in petticoat hat relieved us, an' filled de landscape wid verdure, as becomes his honorable name.

Bruder Mulcahy, ye've raley got a match dis week, an' Sergt. Pynn be also a radn' hard fur ter catch ye up. Jest ter keep yer spirits up, and gib yer a wink ob de good things wots to come, I might men-shun dat I heerd de high officers at Headquarters wor a sittin' on a board, cogitatin' howsemever dey cud reward dem officers as increase dere order to de highest amount wuk by week.

Dere's de Brantford feller dis week, wot says he must hab anuder two dozen. An' I felt de Editor's pulce leay up agin, wem seberal komrades tellt ob de blesin' de day was a-gettin' through de War Cry. Dey speak quite endeasin' like, an' say, "God bless de Staff."

Dat be like honey, chilen, and help a body-fur ter go on prayin' an' writin' by turns.

Talk 'bout prayin' ober wuk as yer does it—why, here's a deal ob it done dis way. De pres man, he prays fur ter git de ting a-goin' proper, an' de boomer, he pray fur ter sell out de dem wot reads de spiritual messages, an' de Editor in de den keeps on a-prayin' between whiles, off an' on. Sure enuf we ouph, ter increase de sales, an' I believe we will, fur if anything will mak us succeed, 'tis prayer.



The War Cry Balloon.

Up she goes! See Ensign Greenland soaring high!

E. Stern Province.

53 Boomers.

ENSIGN GREENLAND, SYDNEY	400
Bertha Large, Cha. Iottetown	230
Mrs. Capt. Harvort, a Halifax II.	180
Lieut. McKervey, Moncton	180
W. S. M. McVie, Glace Bay	170
P. S. M. Caslin, Halifax II.	159
Capt. Murphy, St. John I.	159
Lieut. Stairs, Sydney Mines	150
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	130
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	128
Sergt. P. White, Truro	125
Minnie Beck, Kentville	125
Capt. Harveys, Halifax II.	125
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow	125
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion	120
Lieut. Turner, Glace Bay	103
Capt. Greenslade, Yarmouth	100
Mrs. Ensign Cornish, St. John I.	100
Ensign Miller, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Moore, Louisburg	100
Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, St. John III.	100
Capt. Mutchough, Sackville	100
Capt. Bigelow, Sussex, 90; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, 90; Ensign Lorimer, New Aberdeen, 85; Adjt. Allen, North Sydney, 75; Capt. Redmond, Yarmouth, 75; Capt. Taylor, Annapolis, 75; Annie Rennie, Bridgetown, 75; Capt. Smith, Westville, 75; Capt. Farraro, 75; Lieut. McEachern, North Sydney, 75; Capt. Galloway, St. Stephen, 70; Capt. Widge, Digby, 70; Jennie Kane, 67; Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Halifax I., 66; Capt. Payne, Windsor, 60; Mrs. Oglivie, Dartmouth, 60; Capt. Backus, Bridge-water, 60; Lieut. McLean, 55; Capt. Bracey, Carleton, 55.	
50 Copies—C. C. Colburn, Sergt. Pike, North Sydney; Lieut. Gray, Canning; Mrs. Ensign Campbell, Sackville; Crawford, Campbellton; Bertha Rovard, Capt. Glen, Newcastle; Ensign Clark, Phoebe Cook, Halifax I.; Capt. Moore, Inverness; Sister Watts, Mary Gamble, St. John I.; Lieut. Storchard, St. Stephen; Mrs. McGregor, Fredericton; Sister Robinson, Lieut. Clark, Amherst; Capt. Dabell, Cand. Wier, St. John	

II.; Lieut. Addy, P. Sergt.-Major V., Londonderry; Lieut. Mercer, Capt. Emery, St. John V.; Capt. Fells, Hillsboro; C.-C. Annie McInnis, C.-C. Letta Conn, C.-C. McLeod, Eva. Thompson, Springfield; Lieut. Dingie, Summerside; Sergt. King, Capt. Donovan, St. George's Old; Mrs. Ensign, St. John; Capt. Armstrong, St. John III.; Clara Sherrin, Dartmouth; Capt. Melkie, Reserve; Capt. McWilliams, Sergt. Wukle, Lunenburg; Dan McCush, Nellie Murry, Westville; Capt. Vandine, Chatham; C.-C. McCann, New Glasgow; Capt. Legge, North Head; Mrs. Jewett, St. John V.

West Ontario Province.

44 Boomers.

P. S. M. WARD, LONDON	235
Capt. E. Pattenden, Guelph	190
Adjt. Kendall, Brantford	181
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	150
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	125
Lieut. Whales, Hespeler	117
Lieut. Walldorf, Tillsonburg	109
Capt. Jones, London	100
P. S. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	100
Lieut. Wakefield, Dresden	100
Lieut. Horwood, 55; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 50; Ensign LeCocq, 55; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, 55; Lieut. McWilliams, 35; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 30; Capt. Thompson, 30; Capt. Gilbank, Galt, 30; Sergt. Rumble, Brantford, 30; Sergt. Norbury, London, 75; Mrs. Capt. Clinansmith, Forest, 75; Capt. Crossman, Windsor, 75; Sergt. A. Adams, Simcoe, 70; Lieut. King, Blenheim, 70; Lieut. Dobney, Paris, 70; Capt. Kitchen, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Stratford, 65; Capt. Rock, Winham, 65; Capt. Cook, Bothwell, 65; Mrs. Capt. Merrill, Woodstock, 65; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Seaforth, 64; Capt. A. Thompson, 60; Cand. Mary Crist, Leamington, 60; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 60; Capt. Matler, Clinton, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex.	
50 Copies—Staff-Capt. Desbriay, London; Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Listowel; Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Captain Kerwell, Kingsville; Sister Watt, Sister Horton, Ridgeway; C.-C. Nettie Laird, Essex.	

East Ontario Province.

58 Boomers.

P. S. M. MULCAHY, MONTREAL I.	316
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Ottawa I.	260
Sergt. Du. Armstrong, Montreal I.	155
S. M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	131
Ensign Cugo, Brockville	130
Lieut. Muir, Campbellford	120
Capt. Thornton, Trenton	110
Capt. Oldford, Quebec	100
P. S. M. Gilbert, Smith's Falls	115
Capt. Davis, Cobourg, 65; Capt. McPadden, Deseronto, 55; Capt. Cherrington, Campbellford, 55; Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke, 55; Capt. Mary, Masser, 55; Minnie Coiv, 55; Sergt. Mrs. Brown, 55; Sergt. Mrs. Barber, 55; Eva Norman, Kingston, 55.	
50 and Under—Sister Hydes, Montreal I.; Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II.; Lieut. Simmons, Ingois; Capt. Millar, Carleton Place; Capt. Penfold, Sherbrooke; Sister Banks, Sister Greenfield, Sister Gault, Montreal I.; Sergt. Weber, Ottawa I.; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Tweed; Bro. Soule, Ottawa II.; Lieut. Ramer, Carleton Place; Captain Thompson, Lieut. Mercer, Sergt. Holden, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Vancouver, Montreal I.; Lizzie White, Brockville; Grace nappany, Sister Pickering, Smith's Falls.	

North-West Province.

24 Boomers.

LIEUT. MCLENNAN, WINNIPEG I.	225
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Brandon	150
Lieut. Smith, Fort William	150
Lieut. Johnson, Port Arthur	140
Lieut. Fulford, Calgary	130
Sister Lighthouse, 75; Sister J. Barton, Winnipeg I., 75; Cand. B. Cameron, Wetsaskwin, 75; Lieut. Jorgensen, 75; Lieut. Dillabough, Portage la Prairie, 75; Sister J. McWilliams, Winnipeg I., 60; Lieut. Culbert, 55; Lieut. Walton, Moose Jaw, 55; Ensign Howcroft, 55; Lieut. Elliot, Medicine Hat, 55.	
50 and Under—Capt. Willey, Lieut. Norman, Saskatoon; Lieut. Pester, Lethbridge; Lieut. Burkholder, Dauphin; Uncle Dan, Neepawa; Lieut. Coleman, Capt. Pearce, Regina; Lieut. Oatlander, Carberry; Capt. Flaws, Lethbridge.	

Training Home Province.

23 Boomers.

MRS. BURROWS, HAMILTON I.	200
Sergt. Wingate, Temple	150
Lieut. Prodrouve, Owen Sound	125
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale	105
Lieut. Heron, Yorkville, 30; Capt. Lamb, Bowmanville, 30; Sergt. Mrs. Ford, 27; Capt. Layman, Niagara Falls, 75; Lieut. Carey, Uxbridge, 75; P. S. M. Rice, Tempe, 60; Capt. Magwood, 60; Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II., 60; Capt. Stickells, Aurora, 65; Trans. Seeds, Riverdale, 52.	
50 Copies—Mrs. Adjt. Knight, Adjt. Knight, Hamilton I.; Lizzie Bradley, Sergt. Geo. Barrett, Temple; Lieut. St. John, Niagara Falls; Adjt. Habbick, Sister Lippincott, Lieut. Price, St. Catharines; Bro. Bell, Hamilton III.	

New Ontario Division.

20 Boomers.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT, ORILLIA	150
Nellie Ritchie, London	125
Ensign Ritchie, London	120
P. S. M. Jones, Huntsville	120
Adjt. Mercer, North Bay, 90; Mrs. Ensign Ritchie, Soo, Ont., 85; Capt. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 70; Mrs.	

Ellsworth, Bracebridge, 70; Capt. M. Wade, 60; Lieut. Stimers, Collingwood, 60; Lieut. Chalcom, 58; Capt. Chislett, New Lakehead, 57.

50 and Under—Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls; Capt. A. Jordan, Lieut. Johnston, P. S. M. Miles, Barrie; Lieut. Hayhoe, Capt. Duckworth, Sturgeon Falls; Mrs. Herlelie, Barrie; Father Chasney, Collingwood.

Newfoundland Province.

16 Boomers.

SERG. PYNN, ST. JOHN'S I.	280
Cadet Caines, St. John's I., 55; J. S. S. M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55.	
50 and Under—Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.; Cadet Fowler, St. John's II.; Capt. H. B. Burin; Sister Lorrige, Twillingate; Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.; Cadet Porter, St. John's II.; Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.; Cadet Moore, Cadet Inkpen, Lieut. Matthews, Cadet Tucker, Cadet Price, St. John's II.; Sergt. S. Cooper, Twillingate.	

Be Up and Doing.

Do You Live a Long Way from a Corps?—Then Read This.

We have received some letters lately from Salvation Army soldiers, saying that they are living far away from any Army corps, and very much miss the meetings and comradeship of fellow-soldiers. They feel, however, that they would like to be doing something in the interests of God and the Army, and have asked for our advice. We suggested that if they tried some War Cry booming it would probably prove a great blessing to them, and be the means of making the Army known in their neighborhood. They accordingly applied for some papers to be sent, and set to work immediately to sell them. Meeting with success, they increased their orders, and write to say how glad they are that they started at it.

If there are any others situated in like circumstances, who have a desire to do some aggressive work for the Master, we invite them to write us, and we will be glad to appoint them as War Cry boomers for their district.

Some fellow with more time than sense rang up our printing office on the phone, apparently proposing to have a joke at the expense of the S. A.

He was somewhat confused in utterance, and was politely asked from whence he was speaking.

"From the fall," said he.

"Who do you desire to speak to?" was the next query in the hope of assisting him to get through his business.

"The devil," said he.

"Then you have got the wrong number. Ring up Central, and ask them to link you up —" was the last word he heard as the receiver was returned to its place.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; married, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Comptroller, The Salvation Army, 100, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England. On the envelope, One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of the photo is desired by the subject, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Address, name, and friends are made known to the subject. Please inform us of any change of address if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

5488. PEACOCK, JOHN. Left his home, near Clinton, twenty-four years ago. Age 45. Last heard of eleven years ago. Last known address, Sevastopol, Wisconsin. News wanted.

5494. JOHNSON, A. M. Last heard of three years ago; at that time was a cutter working on the North Shore, in the lumber camps. Believed to be somewhere around Georgian Bay. Mother anxious.

5493. GIBSON, CHARLES WM. Harness maker. Left Farrarboro three years ago. Worked at Winnipeg for a while, then left for Moose Jaw. May have gone to Dawson City. Father very anxious to hear from him.

5491. HYDE, ALFRED. Age 36, fair complexion. Last known address, 444 York St., London, Ont. Sisters very anxious.

5489. WARE, G. F. S. Age 19 years and 6 months. Left Toronto on the 26th of May last, on his holidays, in company with a young man named Dingman. Supposed to have gone to Cobalt. Height 5 ft. 5 in., sallow complexion. News wanted. Father very anxious.

5487. Relatives of JAMES CONLEY, who died in the hospital at Port Simpson. Age 40, fair hair, Prospector and miner. Known in Stellarton and Rhineland, News wanted of any friends of the above named.

5485. CLARK, ARTHUR T. When last heard from was working for the Improved Brick Co., Bonfield, Utah. News urgently sought after by friends.

5459. HAMILTON, JEWELL. Last known address, Spokane, Wash., U.S.A. In September, 1905, supposed to have gone to Portland from there. Wife very anxious.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

THE BLESSING THAT SETTETH FREE.

Tunes.—The Cross Now Coves. (N.B.B. 112); Thou Shepherd of Israel (N.B.B. 111).

I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

Chorus.

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggling,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every what whole,
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

THE POWER OF HIS WONDERFUL MIGHT.

Tune.—B.J. 122.

Like the billows of an ocean,
Boundless, ceaseless, full, and free,
Comes the Spirit of my Saviour,
Grandly rolling over me.

Chorus.

Now it comes o'er my soul like a wave,
The power of His wonderful might;
It is taking my sins right away,
And turning my darkness to light.

Ah! those barriers that had hindered
Me and Jesus being one;
When that wave came o'er me sweeping,
He was left and they were gone.

Grandly rolling o'er the region
Where was once both pain and woe,
Are the waves of love's pure ocean,
Which in ceaseless raptures flow.

FREE AND EASY.

Tune. B and for Canaan's Shore.

In mansion fair a crown I'll wear,
And reign with Christ, my King;
If I fulfil the Master's will,
I shall with Jesus sing.
There'll be no night, 'twill all be light,
We'll know no sorrow there;
Our tears will all be wiped away,
Up in the city fair.

Chorus.

I'm bound for Canaan's shore.

The way seems rough, and sometimes tough,
But onward still I go;
In Christ I trust, whose strength enough
To conquer every foe;
I march along with joy and song,
He helps me day by day,
And when my fighting here is o'er
I'll dwell with Him away.

Then come along and join the throng
Of blood-washed warriors brave;
Oh, hear His voice, make Him your choice,
And prove His power to save.
You may be there your joy to share,
And dwell for evermore;
Come, give up sin, and reign with Him,
Be bound for Canaan's shore.

F. Ibbotson.

TELL IT OVER.

O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave?
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
The coming to the cross where He died to save,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
Are you waking now in His blessed light?
Are you cleansed from every guilty stain?
Is He your joy by day, your song by night?
Let us hear you tell it over once again!

Chorus.

Let us hear you tell it over—
Tell it over, once again;

Tell the sweet and blessed story,
It will help you on to glory.
Let us hear you tell it over once again.

When talking up the way, was the Saviour there?
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
Did Jesus hear you up in His tender care?
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
Never have you found such a friend as He,
Who could help you midst your toil and pain;
Oh, all the world should hear what He's done for
thee,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!

Was ever on your tongue such a blessed theme?
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
'Tis ever sweeter far than the sweetest dream,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
There are aching hearts in the world's great throng,
Who have sought for rest and all in vain;
Hail Jesus up to them by your word and song,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!

The battles you have fought and the victories won—
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
'Twill help them on the way who have just begun,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!
We are striving now with the hosts of sin,
With Christ our Saviour we shall reign;
Ye ransomed of the Lord; try a soul to win,
Let us hear you tell it over once again!

THE DEAREST NAME.

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men should not fall,
And devils fear and fly.

We have no other argument.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus, the prisoner's fetters breaks
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Prayer Him to aid, and cry in death:
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

Tune.—N.B.B. 2 or 20.

Come, sinners to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

You are drifting to your doom,
Yet there's a mercy still for thee.

Sent by the Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel.
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

SOLO.

By Cand. R. E. Clark.

Tune.—Home, Sweet Home Down on the Farm.

Just a few more fleeting years,
Just a few more sighs and tears,
Just a few more heavy crosses to endure;
Just to think if we're but true
To the Yellow, Red, and Blue,
We shall hear the Saviour speak and say,
"Well done! Come home."

Sinner hasten to repentance,
Call upon Him while He's near,
Ask Him to forgive your failings.
He is near to bless and cheer,
Oh, why will you doubt His promise.

You have made some sad mistakes,
You have made some awful breaks,
You have long withstood the mercy offered you,
But He's promised not to chide,
But will be your help and guide;
Will you not consider how He loves
And longs to save.

COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE

will conduct a

"Band Sunday"...At Lisgar St., August 3.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. Hurd.—Carleton Place, July 21-31; Trent Aug. 1, 2; Peterboro, Aug. 3-5; Manvers, Aug. 4; Outpost, Aug. 8, 9; Port Hope, Aug. 10; Coburg Aug. 11-13; Trenton, Aug. 14, 15; Campbellford Aug. 16, 17; Belleville, Aug. 18, 19.

Captain Cavender.—Halifax, L., July 11, 12, 23; Truro, July 20; Londonderry, July 21; New Alerdeen, Aug. 1-3; Glace Bay, Aug. 4-6; Dartmouth, Aug. 7, 8; Louisburg, Aug. 9, 10; Sydney, Aug. 11, 12; North Sydney, Aug. 13, 14; Sydney Mines, Aug. 15-17; Inverness, Aug. 18, 19.

Ensign Poole.—Niagara Falls, July 23-25; Catharines, July 31, Aug. 1; Toronto, Aug. 2.

Capt. Davey.—Wetaskiwin, July 27-28; Calgary, July 31; Medicine Hat, July 31, Aug. 1, 2; Moose Jaw, Aug. 3-5; Regina, Aug. 6-8; Prince Albert, Aug. 9, 10; Saskatoon, Aug. 11, 12; Regina, Aug. 13; Regina, Aug. 14, 15; Carberry, Aug. 16, 17; Neepawa, Aug. 18, 19.

Ensign Edwards.—Bothwell, July 30, 31; Chatham, Aug. 1, 2; Dresden, Aug. 3-5; Wallaceburg, Aug. 4, 5; Sarnia, Aug. 8, 9; Forest, Aug. 10-12; Thorndale, Aug. 13, 14; Petrolia, Aug. 15, 16; Strathroy, Aug. 17, 18; Stratford, Aug. 21, 22; Seaforth, Aug. 23; Elgin, Aug. 24-26; Godrich, Aug. 27, 28; Wingham, Aug. 29, 30; Listowel, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2; Palmerston, Sept. 3, 4; Drayton, Sept. 5, 6; Wexford, Sept. 7; Hespeler, Sept. 10, 11; Galt, Sept. 12, 13; Fawn, Sept. 14-16; Brantford, Sept. 17, 18; Tillsonburg, Sept. 19, 20.

A Handsome Offer.

S. A. TRADE COUPON FOR \$5.00
OR SAME AMOUNT IN CASH.

This splendid prize inducement is offered to Soldiers and Officers alike, all over the Dominion and Newfoundland, for each of the following:

- 1.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS STORY.
- 2.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS ARTICLE.
- 3.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS SONG SET TO A POPULAR TUNE.

All competitions for the above should reach the Editor by September 1st, and the decision, according to merit, pronounced by Headquarters will be final. Scores of our writers should enter this competition—the more the merrier.

PRAY, PONDER AND PRACTISE.

Then let us have your very best. Needless to say the story must be true, and entirely your own composition, written on one side of the paper only.

FIELD OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

To encourage enterprising Field Officers in getting the latest news from their corps inserted in the next issue of the War Cry, we would remind them of the special rates at which press telegrams may be sent. A quarter is charged for 100 words. Such wires will be addressed "War Cry, Toronto," and contain nothing but the actual report. See Field Officer No. 532. Monday morning is the right time to deposit such messages. Now then, let us have your copy.

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters Toronto, for young people who are qualified shorthand and Typists; also for improvers who have not become thoroughly competent. Young people of either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary,
20 Albert St.